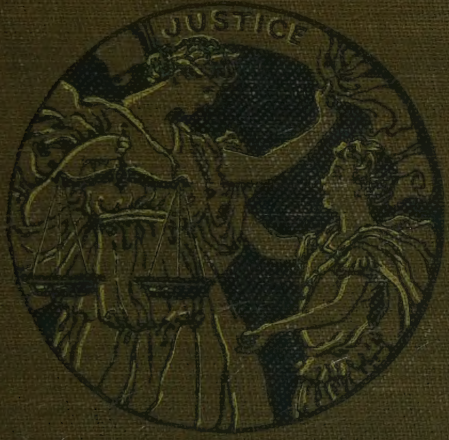
QUICKSANDS OF YOUTH



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Quicksands of Youth

Quicksands of Youth

By

Franklin Chase Hoyt

Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of the City of New York

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To
M. R. H. and J. R. C. H.

Foreword

This is a book of stories telling of Youth's encounter with the law. It does not pretend to cover any particular phase of child psychology nor is it written with the slightest idea of serving as a manual on juvenile-court work in general. It merely seeks to present, in narrative form, a number of incidents from the records of our Children's Court, and to include only such comments as seem appropriate and necessary to bind these sketches together into one consecutive whole.

If this little volume serves, in some slight measure, to stimulate popular interest in the problems of delinquency and neglect, if it leads to a clearer understanding of what can be done to-day to develop and elevate our citizens of to-morrow, and if it helps to suggest a possible improvement in the methods and spirit of modern justice, it will more than achieve the objects for which it has been written.

All of these stories are true and all are based upon actual facts and occurrences.

Most of them are presented in substantially the same form as they were recorded originally in our testimony or as they were submitted to the court through the investigations of our probation officers. In one or two cases, however, several separate incidents have been woven together into one single episode for the sake of continuity and uniformity of interest.

No attempt whatever has been made in these pages to discuss or even to touch on many of the problems and subjects which are ordinarily associated with the work of a children's court. These questions have been passed over for definite reasons—some because their consideration would call for an exhaustive treatise on the construction and administration of the juvenile-court system as a whole, and thus alter the very character and purpose of this book; some because they would be entirely out of place in a work frankly written to elicit popular interest. Thus little has been said concerning such topics as institutionalism, the placement of children in private homes, the punishment of those contributing toward juvenile delinquency, the future evolution of the children's court and the social conditions of the present day which tend to

handicap and imperil the children of our community. Nor has any but the most superficial reference been made to those two stupendous problems, sex and mental deficiency, which underlie so many of our cases. Subjects such as these deserve the most intensive study and consideration, but they must obviously be treated in technical works designed for the student and specialist rather than in a book of sketches dedicated to the reading public.

Another ground for reproach might be found in the fact that so many of these stories deal with the experiences of boys and that, in comparison, less has been told of the girls who come before the court. The reason for this apparent partiality is easy to explain. Very few girls are arrested for actual delinquency, less, in fact, than five per cent of our total arraignments. Many are brought to us for neglect, many for wandering far astray, but only a trifling number for indulging in those trespasses and offenses which are enumerated specifically in our penal law. In other words, their faults are either very small or very serious and no useful purpose could be served by emphasizing their experiences. Either the stories would fail to interest or else they would

prove out of place in such a book as this. As a matter of fact, the references to boys and girls in these pages bear a rather striking ratio to the percentage of arraignments of both sexes before the court. The comparative quantities are more or less equal and further than that it would be inadvisable to go.

The way these articles came to be written may prove of some interest to the reader. Toward the latter part of December, 1918, after the letters of Harry Samuels had been woven together into the story, "A Recruit for Law and Order," I happened to show the manuscript to Mrs. Douglas Robinson and expressed the wish that I might get the advice of her dearly beloved brother, Theodore Roosevelt, as to its most effective disposition. The Colonel had always been deeply interested in our work in the Children's Court. Mrs. Robinson volunteered to take the story to her brother, who was then in the hospital. He read the manuscript, which must have been one of the very last to pass through his hands, and gave Mrs. Robinson his advice and suggestions for its publication, which she promptly carried out. Through her he also sent me a message with that lovable, personal, and in-

spiriting touch which was always so characteristic of him. It was that message which led in a large measure to the continuance of these stories and their eventual issuance in this form. For his interest and advice I never had the chance to thank him, as there was no possibility of hearing from Mrs. Robinson until after that fatal 6th of January which stunned the world and rent the hearts of all mankind. This, therefore, is the only way left to me of acknowledging my indebtedness to him and of expressing my profound gratitude for his assistance.

To Mrs. Robinson I must also render my deepest thanks, for without her co-operation these stories might never have been written.

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The Spirit of the Children's Court

QUICKSANDS OF YOUTH

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHILDREN'S COURT

The spirit of Justice stretched forth her arms to the spirit of Youth who had wandered far astray on strange and perilous paths.

"You are bruised and bewildered," said the spirit of Justice, "but you need not fear. You have come into my courts with a heavy heart and drooping wings, but your weariness will not last. You have known of the world's evil all too young, but because of your youth you can learn to forget. Trust in me, for I am here to help you. I am not that blind goddess whom men have pictured holding the scales and weighing out punishments with cold unconcern. See, I have torn the bandage from my eyes. I know your sufferings and temptations; I sympathize with your visions and aspirations; I understand the elemental forces which move you and the sheer joy of living which belongs to you by right. In me

you will find no fair-weather friend but a guide and protector who will stand by you through storm and stress. Sometimes you may misjudge me and think me stern and unsympathetic, but in the end you will appreciate the wisdom of my course and the sincerity of my efforts. Come, take my hand, and I will lead you out of the shadows, back again to the kingdom of youth."

It is the spirit, after all, which is the most essential attribute of a real children's court. It is an intangible quality which the court must develop for itself and which is not recognized by the laws nor defined by the statutes. With it the veriest shell of an organization can perform miracles. Without it the best-equipped court in the land would "become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

In appraising the real value of any institution three things must be taken into consideration: its equipment, its methods of administration, and its ideals. It goes without saying that the latter are usually reckoned as the greatest asset in arriving at the value of the whole. Thus we find that an effective children's court is not merely the product of a

wise code of laws, plus a force of efficient workers. To achieve its true purpose it must bring into its work an enthusiasm, an idealism, and a spirit which will mark its every effort and be felt by all concerned—especially by the children themselves. It must acquire an intuitive sense of justice and an appreciation of the child's point of view. Not only must it see the vision, but it must be able to impart the vision to others. It must follow the law faithfully and conscientiously, but at the same time it must interpret the law and prove it to be something big and fine and infinitely precious. Above all, it must abhor every form of pettiness, narrow-mindedness, and illiberality, "for the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life."

Merely for the purpose of showing how this spirit affects those with whom we have to deal and how ready they are to catch its meaning and respond to its influences, these three incidents may be cited from the thousands of like character which fill our records.

A short time ago, after the end of the World War, a young soldier walked into the court accompanied by a number of friends from his own regiment, all of whom had just returned

from overseas. He showed them through the halls and waiting-rooms, called upon the probation officer under whose charge he had been placed some years before, and finally asked permission to enter the court-room with his companions and talk with the judge. On being ushered in he introduced his friends to the judge, who paused in his work for a while to question the boys as to their experiences and to listen to their stories. As they started to leave the room at the end of the interview, the young soldier expressed his pleasure at revisiting the court.

"It was one of the first things I wanted to do when I got back to America," he said. "And I wanted to bring my friends, too, so that they could see what kind of a place it is and all it does for the kids. Well, so long, judge!"

The boy had come back to us in very much the same spirit as an alumnus might revisit his alma mater. Without the slightest resentment, without the least touch of bitterness because of his former experiences, but rather in a spirit of gratitude for all the aid which had been given him, he had called at the court to renew old acquaintances and to

show by his record that he had proved himself worthy of the trust which had been placed in him.

A large meeting was held recently in New York City at which the topic of discussion was the work of the Children's Court. After the set addresses were finished, many in the audience joined in asking questions and in expressing briefly their own views in regard to the subjects under consideration. One young man arose from his seat and without giving his name told what proved to be his own personal experience. He pictured very vividly the hardships which he had suffered and the help which he had received in time of trouble. "I just felt I should say this," he concluded, "for no one who has not come before the court himself can appreciate the way it seems to understand a fellow and help him to go straight." With that he picked up his hat and strode out into the night, but his tribute still remains with us, a treasured memory.

A woman, deserted and despondent, brought her children into court for protection. With her approval they were placed out to board until such time as she could re-establish her own home and provide for them herself.

After these arrangements had been made she wrote us the following letter:

It's not so much because of what was done for my children that I am writing. For that I am very, very thankful you may be sure, but that was only what I expected. I am really writing to tell you what the court did for me. I was about ready to give up on that day when I came before you. Now everything is different. I think that the encouragement and sympathy I received have made me strong again. You don't know what it meant to me to be treated as a friend and to feel that I was not alone in my trouble. I am sure that I can face the world now and win out.

What, after all, is the underlying purpose of a children's court and how does it deal with the children who come before it? One might think that by this time there would be little need to answer such questions or to explain the primary object of its existence. Yet there are such mists of error surrounding this subject and such weird and extraordinary conceptions of the court's functions that these questions at times would seem pertinent and worthy of notice. If the public were to accept certain occurrences and statements as evidence of the court's usual practice they would have good grounds for believing that our system is a mere travesty on justice and common sense.

A short time ago in a certain children's court of this country a judge from another bench, who was unaccustomed to dealing with youthful offenders, happened to substitute for a day in place of the regular presiding magistrate. He was kind and painstaking to a degree, but, speaking in the vernacular, he was also "dead easy." A small boy was brought before him for stealing various articles from a department store in a systematic and rather clever manner. The boy in question had been arrested several times before, and at that very time was on probation for a similar offense. "Pshaw!" said the judge. "That little fellow? Why, he doesn't know what stealing is! You don't suppose I'd hold him responsible for anything like that? I'm going to discharge him!" In vain the probation officer pleaded that some discipline or supervision should be exercised and that the circumstances of the case indicated that the boy's parents were utterly lacking in proper control. The magistrate was firm in his opinion, and the boy was dismissed with a smile. A day or two later the regular judge of the court returned to his duties only to be confronted, at the outset, with the case of the same youthful

offender, who since his discharge had committed three other larcenies within twenty-four hours. In fact, the boy, as the court was informed, had told his companions that it was a "cinch to get away with it in the Children's Court. All yer 'ave to do is to look kinder innocent and pipe a few tears. The main guy 'll always fall for it!"

In a certain publication there recently appeared a little article which ran as follows:

THAT BAD BOY

Last summer a young lad of New York under twelve years of age took a five-dollar bill out of his mother's purse, went off to Coney Island and had a grand time spending it on merry-go-rounds, roller-coasters, and "hot dogs." At night he slept on the beach.

The police were notified and the boy's mother appeared against him in court. The boy was, we believe, sent to a reform school. . . . That boy didn't know. He needed to be taught. He probably has no idea now of just what he did and why it was wrong. Why should he? You don't get wisdom out of a court or penal institution. You get punishment!

These two little incidents illustrate in rather a graphic way certain popular and widely contrasting views of the functions of the Children's Court. The idea of the judge that the youthful offender needed no restraint whatever

and the error of the journalist in believing that a boy could be sent away for his first misadventure without any real study and consideration of his case are both so obviously superficial that they scarcely deserve any extended comment or refutation. Yet, on the other hand, they possess a possible value in that they picture all too vividly certain misconceptions which exist concerning the real purposes and aims of the juvenile courts of this country.

At one end are found those who scoff at the court's work because they think that its officials are soft-hearted sentimentalists who are content to dismiss all cases with a word of advice or a sob of sympathy. These critics believe that less than nothing is accomplished by the court and that no child will ever be restrained through the court's efforts from wrongdoing or from entering into an active criminal career.

At the opposite extreme are found those who regard the court as a primitive vehicle of punishment. Its chief activity, in their opinion, consists in tearing children from their parents and their natural homes and railroading them by the wholesale to reformatories and penal

institutions. "You don't get wisdom out of a court. You get punishment," said the writer.

If either of these conceptions were true there would be no justification whatever for the existence and continuance of these courts. It would be hard to say which would be the worse curse for the children of our community: an ineffective, sentimental tribunal which was ready at all times to condone every fault brought to its notice, or a stern instrument of justice which had no other purpose than that of punishment for every offense.

Happily such conceptions and beliefs are wholly unwarranted. The Children's Court, in reality, shuns sentimentalism on the one hand and unreasonable severity on the other, for these are the very things which would weaken its spirit and impair its usefulness. It realizes that to achieve successful results it must combine its vision with common sense and back up its sympathy with hard work and efficiency. At the same time it also realizes that punishment and vengeance are useless things, in and by themselves, to bring about any lasting good.

The main object of the court is to restore each child to its normal balance and to pro-

tect its future. It seeks to mould the children who come before it into assets for society instead of permitting them to become prospective liabilities. It recognizes its responsibilities in dealing with these citizens of the future and it endeavors to correct their faults and improve their conditions by the use of the best possible methods.

That the court always wishes to be lenient and forgiving goes without saying, but its chief concern lies in constructive efforts for the child's betterment. If a case is found to be trivial and the child can be safely discharged with a warning or explanation, that will gladly be done. If probation should seem advisable, the child will be given competent supervision in its own home for an extended period. If a child's environment is shown to be harmful and dangerous, that environment will be changed. If it is apparent that a child needs disciplinary training, then a commitment will be made to an appropriate school. The court will always give a child "a chance." The question is where and under what conditions will it have the fairest chance.

Perhaps the best way to picture the Children's Court is to compare it to a clinic for the

treatment and cure of certain antisocial tendencies. It endeavors to find some sort of remedy for the various infirmities and evils which afflict the children of our community. It passes not only on the acts of the children and of their parents, but it delves down deeply into all the surrounding facts and circumstances of each case, the causes and influences which led up to the commission of the offense, the parental and environmental conditions, the child's motive and its capacity for understanding. It must take into consideration the child's training, its mental development, and its vocational bent. It must be able to see things from the child's point of view and appreciate youth's eternal struggle for self-expression and its longing for pleasure and adventure.

Each and every case therefore represents a concrete problem which calls for the court's best efforts in working out a solution. To this end there is need not only for infinite patience and tenderness, but also for infinite study and understanding.

Among the various allies upon which the spirit of Justice has to depend there is none

more essential and important than her sister spirit of Truth.

So it is that in the Children's Court the truth is sought first, last, and all the time. It is the very foundation upon which the court's structure of probation and correction is based.

Fortunately, most of the children with whom it has to deal are very frank in confessing their faults. Occasionally, however, they lie. In such cases it is the court's bounden duty to find out why they lie and to make them understand the advantages of sincerity and truth.

A short time ago five boys from twelve to fourteen years of age were arraigned before me charged with having entered into a store and having stolen some groceries. They all admitted their offense and the case was put over for a week for investigation. When the day for disposition arrived I received the report of our probation officer, and on looking it over I found that all of our young friends, in addition to the offense for which they had been arrested, had also been consistent truants from school.

Turning to the first in the group I remarked: "Tom, I see that you have been playing hooky a good deal during this past term."

Before the unfortunate Thomas had a chance to reply his father, who was standing beside him, interrupted: "Oh, no, judge, he didn't play hooky. He was sick."

Paying no attention for the moment to his father, I asked Tom to explain his absences.

"Sure, judge, I was sick all the time," he replied.

"What was your illness in September?" I asked.

"I had the influenzy," was the ready answer.

"And in October?"

"The same thing," he responded. "Yes," added his fond parent, "he was very sick."

"What happened in November?"

"Sore throat," he answered, somewhat haltingly. His father nodded gravely.

"But you were absent a great deal in December. Had you not recovered by that time?"

Tom hesitated and gave me an agonized look. "Measles," he almost whispered.

"I am sorry to hear that you have been so ill," I remarked sympathetically. "You must be very tired and weak."

Turning to one of our court attendants, I

asked him to bring up a chair for Tom, saying that I did not think a boy should stand on his feet after so many trying experiences.

The chair was brought but the uncomfortable Thomas wriggled and hesitated. "I can stand up all right, judge!" he pleaded.

"I couldn't possibly let you," I replied quite seriously. "You are evidently in pretty bad shape and I don't want to have you grow any worse."

I then questioned the second of the five. Jim gave practically the same excuses as had Tom, except that "new mownie" had tragically figured in his young life. His mother stood sponsor for all of his statements. As a result a second chair was brought and Jim very reluctantly sat down beside Tom.

Next I talked with Frank, who also pleaded various illnesses as excuses for his continued absences, and whose statements were all verified by his father. Consequently, a third chair was put into use.

"I wonder if I am going to find room for you all in the hospital to-night," I cheerfully remarked as I turned to the fourth boy.

My observation caused Tom to look at Jim and Jim to glance at Frank with visible signs

of perturbation. The leaven had begun to work.

Salvatore, the fourth youngster, wavered obviously. Yes, he had been sick, but not so sick. Sometimes he had to stay at home to mind the baby. His mother disclaimed this last assertion, but agreed with Salvatore as to the frequency of his indispositions. So one more chair received an unwilling occupant.

"Please telephone to the hospital and hurry up that ambulance," I said, turning once more to our court attendant. "These boys seem to be in a very bad way and I think they need immediate care!"

Agitated sniffles were painfully audible in the vicinity of the four seated boys, but no attention was paid to them.

The last in the group was Joe. He also had been absent every month in the term.

"Well, Joe," I said, "what have you got to say. Were you 'sick,' too?"

"No, sir," was his emphatic reply. "I played hooky!" With that he cast a contemptuous glance at the four miserable objects seated in their chairs.

It was more than flesh and blood could stand. Tom sensed the desperateness of the

situation, and held up his hand for permission to speak.

"What's the matter, Tom?" I asked anxiously. "Don't tell me you're feeling worse!"

"No, judge, I ain't sick at all," he fairly shouted. "I wasn't much sick anyway. I played hooky, I did!"

"Well, of course, if that is the case," I casually remarked, "you don't need the chair any longer. Come over here and stand beside Joe. Please inform the hospital," I added addressing our obliging court attendant, "that there will be only three patients instead of four."

With that three more hands shot up. Jim, Frank, and Salvatore all wanted to speak at once. "Sure, we played hooky. We ain't sick boys. We just lied!"

The remaining chairs were all taken away and with them was removed one of the greatest obstacles in handling the case, for, the truth having at last been brought out, it became an easy matter for the boys and myself to discuss their actions intelligently and to give them a chance on probation. There is no need for me to repeat what I said to the parents. As the reader can readily imagine, it was neither pleasant nor complimentary.

Another case presents itself to mind wherein the element of humor was entirely lacking. The actors in this instance had more serious parts to play, and the drama in which they participated was of a different and grimmer sort.

Jerry, aged fifteen, was charged with breaking a jeweller's show-window and stealing some of its contents. When he was arraigned in court he denied all knowledge of the affair and vehemently asserted his innocence. Consequently it became necessary to try the case at length and to examine every available witness.

When the prosecution was finished it looked very black indeed for Jerry. The State had presented convincing proof that he had been seen to smash the window and had afterward disposed of some of its contents.

Jerry, on the other hand, claimed that it was a case of mistaken identity. He swore that at the time in question he had been at the movies with his pal, a girl by the name of Margaret. To prove his contention he called her in his defense and she testified that she and Jerry had spent the evening together exactly as he had described. Margaret, however, was a little confused as to the hour of their departure from the theatre, and when she realized this she ex-

claimed: "I know the show didn't take very long, but the pictures were so perfectly wonderful that we stayed to see them over and over again!"

In the end I was forced to find Jerry guilty of the theft. As a matter of fact, the evidence was so overwhelming that there was no doubt whatever left in my mind as to his culpability.

The next step was to get Jerry to admit the truth. This he refused to do, and, although the case was adjourned from day to day, he stuck to his original story on each occasion.

At the same time our probation officer tried to get Margaret to own up and tell us what she really knew about the matter. But she proved just as stubborn as Jerry himself.

Finally I sent for her and, figuratively speaking, laid all my cards on the table. I said that I was convinced from the testimony that both she and Jerry had been lying, but that, as I knew she had done it for his sake, I could understand her motive. I told her that, as I was sure of his guilt, her attitude could not possibly help him nor alter the final disposition of the case. My only anxiety, as I informed her, was to get at the bottom of the whole affair before I rendered my final decision.

"If I told the truth," she asked, "can you promise me that it wouldn't hurt Jerry?"

"I certainly cannot promise you anything," I replied. "I am not here to make any bargains, but you can be sure of this: nothing which you may say will do Jerry any harm. It can only help him."

"I think I understand, judge," she responded. "So I'll tell you everything. I didn't go to the movies with Jerry that night at all. He came to me the next day and told me that he was in trouble and that if I would tell that story in court it might save him. Of course, after that, I had to do it, didn't I?"

When Jerry appeared before me at the next hearing I put Margaret on the stand.

"Margaret," I asked, "were you really with Jerry on the evening when the jeweller was robbed?"

"No," she answered quietly. "I did not see him at all that night."

Before I could put another question to her, Jerry, who had been regarding her with an air of suspicion and reproach ever since her entrance into the court-room, uttered a low moan, threw up his arms with a gesture of despair, and sank unconscious upon the floor.

It was some time before he regained consciousness. Later on in the day I spoke to him and asked him whether in view of Margaret's admission he was not ready to tell me the whole truth at last.

"I've told you the truth every time," he exclaimed, "but you wouldn't believe me. They all lied about me from the start and now you've got Margaret to lie too!"

This last assertion nonplussed me completely. I had counted on Margaret's confession to bring Jerry to his senses and to make him realize the danger of his position.

"Was there any one who could succeed where the probation officer and I had failed?" I asked myself. Jerry's parents were utterly useless, for they were inclined to believe everything the boy said. Yes, there was one who might help —Margaret herself. So, calling her once more before me, I explained the situation and asked her whether she thought she could get Jerry to tell the truth. "It's for his own good," I added.

"Oh, please let me try," she said. "I'm sure I can get him to tell you all about it."

Margaret was allowed to talk to Jerry in a corner of the court-room where their conversa-

tion was inaudible to the rest of us. For about ten minutes they apparently argued and discussed the pros and cons of the situation and then they left their seats and came up to the bench.

"Jerry has something to tell you, judge," announced Margaret, with a slight tone of triumph in her voice.

"Well, I haven't got much to say," remarked Jerry disconsolately, "except that I lied to you about the whole thing. I broke the window and I stole the stuff. I don't know why I didn't tell the truth in the beginning, but I guess I was scared. I'm sorry and I want a chance. Just try me and you'll see that I'll do better."

Jerry was given the chance which he asked for and I suggested to his probation officer that if he had any further trouble with Jerry, he might call into consultation a certain self-confessed perjurer whose name was Margaret.

A modern children's court should be equipped with every necessary facility for the study of its problems and the treatment of its cases.

Hit-or-miss methods are as much out of place in a court as in a hospital. What would

be thought of a doctor who scorned to make any diagnoses and who claimed that he could prescribe for or operate on his patients without attempting to find out what was really the matter with them? Like a wise physician we, too, must examine our patients and be able to get at the root of their troubles, so that we can devise a cure which will be effective and permanent. This can never be done if the court is slipshod in its methods and if its probation system is weak and incompetent.

In our New York court we have a large staff of well-trained probation officers, both men and women, who during the course of the year investigate thousands of cases and supervise thousands of children. We have a psychopathic clinic to which are attached three doctors (one of whom is a woman), several psychologists, statisticians, and investigators. Altogether, the court's officials and employees number close on to one hundred and fifty individuals, all of whom are imbued with a love of the work and a sincere desire to be of service.

It is astonishing, oftentimes, to find how radically a thorough investigation or a clinical analysis will change the aspect of a given situa-

tion. Cases which seem serious at first glance will turn out to be the result of some carelessness or possible misunderstanding which it is easy to correct, while others of an apparently trivial character will be discovered to be the outgrowth of some dangerous and hidden condition. Like a tiny discoloration of the skin, which at first seems superficial but when probed by the surgeon's lance is found to extend down to a malignant abscess or ulcer underneath, so a surface indication, we find, is not always to be trusted. The acts which cause children to be brought to court are usually the mere outward and visible signs of either an inward emotional conflict, or a dangerous, compelling influence, which it is necessary to understand before applying the remedy.

No intelligent or sensible person wishes to investigate merely for investigation's sake. No one wishes to put children on probation for trivial causes. But how can we possibly justify ourselves in putting a case on probation at all unless we can prove by our investigation, first, that the facts of the situation warranted the use of probation as an effective means of correction and, secondly, that there was a fair and reasonable chance of its turning out

successfully? How can we convince the public that we have carried on that probation properly unless we can show by our records that our officers have intelligently fulfilled their trust and have faithfully watched over the charges committed to their care?

A community should feel certain of its children's court—certain of its patience, its tolerance, its broad understanding, and its sympathies. At the same time the community must be sure that the court is employing the most progressive and effective means to solve its problems and to correct the conditions of delinquency and neglect which are brought to its attention. Otherwise the community might mistrust the court's efficiency and lose faith in its potency for good.

It is gratifying beyond measure to see how many children succeed on probation. Four out of every five, according to our records, respond successfully to this form of treatment. This is true whether they receive probationary oversight because of delinquency or supervisory care because of neglect.

One out of every five will fail to benefit under this process of correction. Some people

seem to believe that we should be able to divine these failures in advance and that if any child suffers a relapse while under supervision it tends to discredit both our own judgment and the efficiency of the whole probationary system. We like to think, however, that a record of eighty per-cent success, as against twenty per-cent failure, justifies the use of probation in every doubtful case.

Unfortunately, there are a number of cases where probationary treatment is out of the question from the very start. Sometimes the delinquency is of such a character that a commitment to a training-school is the only recourse. Sometimes the neglect is so appalling that it is hopeless to labor with the parents, and the only way to protect a child is to find it a better home. If the life of his patient is in danger a surgeon will not hesitate to perform an immediate operation. If a child's moral or physical welfare is imperilled, the court will not hesitate to place a child in safer surroundings.

When children are put on probation because of their own misconduct, we usually tell them that they alone will decide the cases in the end; that, if they will make a sincere effort to

reform themselves and keep their promises, they will win their eventual discharge, but that if they fail they will only be inviting another form of correction.

A short time ago I had occasion to visit an institution to which we commit some of our failures. I noticed among the crowd a boy whose face seemed rather familiar. Calling him aside I asked him who had sent him to the reformatory, expecting that he would say that it was I or some other judge in the court. To my surprise the boy answered: "I sent myself here. You, judge, gave me my chance, but I didn't make good."

A juvenile court usually exercises jurisdiction over two classes of children—those who have offended and those who have been offended against. In New York, for example, about one-half the total number of children with whom the court has to deal are brought before it for their own protection. These are the victims of abuse and neglect, who, because of the sins of their parents, have been denied their inherent right to a normal and decent home.

In all such cases the court works along more

or less the same lines as those already described. It makes a careful study of each case and then sets out to reconstruct the situation as sanely, as fairly, and as effectively as possible. It never seeks to destroy a home, but always endeavors to re-establish it and make it safe for the children. If the parents show that they realize the existence of improper conditions and evince a desire to co-operate, every possible aid and assistance will be given, to the end that the conditions complained of may be eliminated forever. To accomplish this the matter may be continued under observation for a long time. Sometimes temporary shelter in homes and other families is found for the children, while the process of improvement is being worked out. Only in those cases where conditions are desperate, and where the parents have shown themselves utterly unworthy of trust, are the children taken from them and entrusted permanently to safer guardianship.

"Tell me, Youth," said the spirit of Justice, after the two had passed through many a storm and trial together, "do you still fear me? Do you still look upon me as a pitiless

avenger and tremble at the very name of my servant, the law?"

"I am wiser than I was," replied the spirit of Youth, "and, therefore, I have lost all fear. At first I was afraid, for I had been told that your eyes saw not and that your heart was of stone. I thought that you would misunderstand me and condemn me unheard. I felt that you would despise my enthusiasms and scoff at my dreams. Your servant, the law, I regarded as a spy who was seeking to ensnare me and to rob me of my very right to happiness. But now that I have come to know you I see things in a far clearer light. You have kept the pledge which you gave me and have shown me that I can trust in you. You have given me a chance to atone for my mistakes and have led me out of perilous places. But, in doing this, you have also rendered me an infinitely greater service. When I stumbled in the darkness and my vision and imagination began to fail me, you brought your torch and lighted the way for me. You guided me out of the shadows into the sunlight and gave me back my faith in myself. When I was wasting my heritage thoughtlessly and foolishly, you came and

showed me how I could find a better way of using it, and how I could gain a greater joy of living by spending it wisely. Is there any way in which I can pay you for all these things?"

"Between you and me there can be no question of repayment," answered the spirit of Justice. "I, too, owe you a debt which I can never pay in full. My halls and palaces were becoming tainted with the mould of ancient precedents and the must of technicalities until you came in with the fresh wind of sparkling life and drove out all the mildew and cobwebs of the past. I have lived in a cleaner, fresher atmosphere since your advent. But you have done more than this for me. You have revived my own youth and taught me also to see visions and dream dreams. I was becoming intolerant, bigoted, and mean-souled until you swept in, and with your divine fire blazed a new trail for me to follow. Eternal Youth, it is I who am your debtor!"

A Recruit for Law and Order

A RECRUIT FOR LAW AND ORDER

There are two reasons for this story. The first is, that it is true, like every other narrative in this book; although here, as elsewhere, the names of those concerned have been disguised for obvious considerations. The second reason is that it would seem to be of some value at the present moment, for it tells how the mind of a boy was turned from bitterness and false doctrine to a clearer vision and a truer understanding of American liberty.

As a matter of fact, it is probably a mistake to call this a story at all, for it has no plot, and follows no conventional line of dramatic action. It is simply a little narrative of a recent incident in the Children's Court, differing only in human interest from thousands of others because of the fact that the record in this case is based almost wholly upon three letters of no ordinary sort.

This is the way these letters happened to be written:

A short time ago in New York City a cer-

tain Mrs. Samuels had the misfortune to be arrested for exposing fish for sale on a push-cart without having them properly covered to protect them from flies and dust. Mrs. Samuels had no intention of doing wrong, and was only striving to make a little money for the support of her five young children. But there was no gainsaying the fact that she had glaringly violated the provisions of our "Sanitary Code," and it became incumbent on the officers of the law to bring her to book for her offense. Accordingly she was haled to the nearest police court, and was duly arraigned before Judge A., one of the magistrates of our great city. Now there is no judge upon our bench more conscientious and humane than Judge A., but in a case of this kind he felt it necessary to impose a small fine upon Mrs. Samuels. Unfortunately she didn't have two dollars wherewith to pay the fine, and so, according to the provisions of law, was forced to expiate her debt by remaining in our city prison, the Tombs, for a day and a night. Of course, had Mrs. Samuels told the judge of her predicament and had she explained to him that she had five children waiting for her at home, I feel very sure he would have seen to

it that she did not go to jail, but either through her own ignorance, or possibly through some error in the interpretation, she failed to make these things clear and the judge was left in entire ignorance that a two-dollar fine was just about as impossible for her to meet at that particular moment as one of two thousand dollars.

Some day, dear reader, such "mistakes" as these will not occur so often, and the overworked magistrates will be given greater opportunities than exist at present to delve down deep into the humanities of each case and to decide their problems with less consideration for the forms of criminal procedure and with more time and thought for common sense and social justice. But in this particular instance the judge was in no way at fault. He undoubtedly had to uphold the enforcement of a wise sanitary provision, and in fining Mrs. Samuels the small sum of two dollars he had every reason to believe that she could pay it easily and without embarrassment. The fault, if fault there be, lies with a system which permits a woman ignorant of our laws and our ways to be led off to jail without a more careful study of her circumstances and without

affording her an opportunity to meet her fine in some other way than by remaining a night in prison.

So Mrs. Samuels spent twenty-four hours as "a guest of the city," and then returned to the bosom of her family. The case was marked "closed" on the dockets of the police court, and closed it would have been for all of us, but for Mrs. Samuels's son, Harry.

Of his feeling and concern over his mother's arrest, I must let him speak in his own words, for a few days later Judge A. was both amazed and concerned to receive the following letter:

NEW YORK CITY,
October 30th.

DEAR JUDGE A.:

Before I begin my tale, I want to tell you who I am, so that you will understand me better. I am the son of a woman named Sarah Samuels, whom you sentenced, on Monday, Oct. 29th, to one day in the Tombs for trying to make an honest living nowadays, and help support 5 children, the oldest of which am I, 15 years of age, who quit high school last year in 4th term in order to go to work and support myself. I have been travelling from one job to another and have struck something respectable at present. I am earning 7 hard dollars a week which can hardly support myself at the present rate of life's necessities. You sentenced my mother yesterday at about 10 A. M. to 24 hrs. in prison, for what? Couldn't she have made more use of her

time attending to her little bit of business and to her beloved children, and not have them suffer for 24 hrs., crying and suffering from the lack of food? Why,—is it not bad enough that they don't get enough nourishing food when their mother is at home? No! you don't realize the present needs and the situation of the East Side! You don't know and don't care what is happening in the *Bloody East Side*, for if you would know, you would not have sentenced a poor woman who does everything in her power to make an *Honest Living* and not commit any crime, to help support her starving children, just because she has no $2 to give not only you, but her children. Her life and her children's lives is a miserable one. Do you know that? No, you don't, —you are made of iron. You have no feelings about you. You have no sense of humanity. You are a deadly enemy to your own friends and countrymen. You want the East Side to help in this war by treating them so good as you do. Ah! if I were only old enough to come near you people, you who live in luxury, in beautiful castles built by us, I would make you look like 2¢ in an ash can, but I am too young and also have too much worry of my future. I have too much to struggle for: But I *will* avenge this crime, which you bestowed on my poor mother. I *will* make revenge ring free; and if you live until I get old enough, I am going to make you suffer for putting my mother in such a thing as a cell, a horrible cell, a shameful cell—in a place she never has been in or seen before. I *will* avenge this crime of yours, this inhuman crime. I *will* make you suffer for this, for my heart is full of grief and pains. What has she done to be put there. I ask you for humanity's sake? You dare call yourself a Judge of the people when a wild cur can be a good substitute!

You arrested her for selling fish in the disgraceful markets of the East Side, and you claim with the proof of a profound policeman, who is worse than a Bowery Bum that she had her fish uncovered. What then, in the name of God Almighty could she have done in order to sell her fish and make a little profit for her family. She has to give her children food. By God, its a disgrace, an uncomely disgrace to herself and her family. You and lots of other rich dogs are the cause of these events. Why don't you go to the Rockfellers, the Morgans, the Murphys and all the others and tell them to give the poor a decent living wage so that they should not have to sell fish and the like. Why don't you go to Wall St., and tell those *Blood Suckers* of the poor to sell food at a reasonable price so that the poor should have a chance to live? No, you don't and won't do that because you are getting *petty graft* for it. You would rather put a woman, a mother of children, in jail for trying to make an *honest living*, than to prosecute the people who are the cause of the present crisis. But let me tell you, as I said before, I am young, only 15 yrs. of age, but when I grow older, I am going to pronounce Humanity in the name of God after I am avenged for my mother, and help this country be free. Oh! if I only had the time I would tell you a whole lot more, but this is my lunch hour and my time is up. But before I close, I want to advise you to try to mend these circumstances and dealings you give the peddlers, for remember every dog has his day. You won't live in luxury all the time. There is a God above who is running this earth and he is watching you patiently. I never wrote a letter to any of your kind, for committing such a crime as you have committed last Monday, but now I am beginning to feel the pain. I am begin-

ning to learn in this supposed to be *free country*, and if anything similar occurs in my family once more, I am going to advertise it not only thru the press but will write to the Governor, the President and others in Society. I am going to teach the people and the guilty ones what and how a common human being should be treated. My life has just begun, but it seems to me I know too much from the start. If you wish to die a peaceful death, don't commit such a crime again, don't forget that there is a God in Heaven. Give the Poor a chance, a living chance, let them live while they do and I can assure you of a high appreciation, a clean country, and Government Respectful. Take this advice from a youngster who did a great deal of suffering.

From a Heartbroken Mother's Son Whose Name is
HARRY.
Long Live Liberty
and
Freedom.

Over this letter Judge A. pondered long and seriously. His first impulse, I think, was to disregard it altogether, but after considering the matter from every point of view he finally concluded that for the sake of the boy himself, as well as the community at large, action of some sort should be taken. But Judge A.'s own hands were tied, for in his letter Harry had given his age as fifteen, and consequently the only tribunal which had the power or right to discipline him for his offense in

sending such a letter was the Children's Court.

So it was that the problem of Harry Samuels —heartburnings and resentments, letters, documents, and all—was handed over to me for such solution as I might be able to find, and to mend or mar according to the treatment which I might apply. Judge A., in transmitting the matter to me, said that he did not want to suggest any particular course of action, and that he would be satisfied with whatever I saw fit to do in the case. He emphasized the fact that he did not wish to prosecute the boy, and that his whole idea in pressing the matter was for the purpose of endeavoring to bring the boy, as he put it, "into a more enlightened and harmonious relation with society."

In the Children's Court of New York City we are confronted daily with problems of every sort and description, so we are more or less used to dealing with the unusual and unexpected, but I must confess the case of Harry Samuels presented a novel and perplexing situation. I thoroughly agreed with Judge A. that any one sending such an abusive letter should be disciplined, yet I realized that by arresting the boy and dragging him through the courts, as

his mother had been, I should be defeating the very end which he had in view.

What I finally did was to issue a summons directing Harry to come to the Children's Court and explain his conduct. A summons is simply a notice in legal form telling a person that the judge would like to see him in regard to some complaint, and does not in any way affect the record of the person to whom it is sent. In response to that summons Harry came to the court, and so we met for the first time.

I don't think either Harry or I will forget that meeting for some time to come. I happened to be sitting that morning in the smaller of our two court-rooms, where I am in the habit of hearing our continued and probation cases. It is a room of singular beauty and of quiet dignity, but small enough to carry an air of friendliness and of intimacy. It contains no bench but, instead, a table and some comfortable chairs grouped around informally.

When Harry entered there were only two others present, the clerk and the stenographer. The boy glanced at me and then around the room. A look akin to amazement came over

him, and it was easy to see that his preconceived ideas as to courts and court-rooms were receiving somewhat of a shock.

I waited for an instant to let the impression sink in, and then began:

"Harry Samuels, I have a good deal to talk to you about this morning, and I am afraid I have not got nearly as much time to do it in as I should like. But there are two things I want you to understand clearly in the beginning. In the first place, in writing that letter to Judge A., you committed two offenses, for either of which you might have been arrested. To send a threatening and abusive letter to any one is a violation of the law, but to send one to a judge about a case which he has tried makes you liable for contempt of court as well. In that letter you accused Judge A. several times of committing a crime; you threatened him more than once, and you said that he took petty graft for deciding his cases. Those were not fair or decent things to write, and you must realize the seriousness of what you have done. But neither Judge A. nor I wanted to have you arrested without giving you an opportunity of coming here and talking the thing over. That is why I

merely sent for you on a summons, which will in no way count against you in the future, instead of issuing a warrant for your arrest by the police. The second thing which I want to say to you is, that I think I understand your feeling of sorrow and grief over your mother's imprisonment. Any boy with a spark of spirit and affection would have felt terribly about it. Only, your sentiment, which up to a certain point did you credit, was no justification for writing such a letter as that and for saying such false and foolish things. By the way, Judge A. wanted me to tell you that he never had any idea that your mother could not pay the two dollars, and that had he known about your family he probably would have remitted the fine altogether.

"Now, Harry, as I said, there is a lot I want to talk to you about," and I motioned him to an adjoining chair. "What do you think of the law requiring fish to be covered on a push-cart? Do you think it a good or a poor rule?"

It would take a long time to describe in detail all of our conversation that morning. We debated the fish law from every point of view, and Harry conceded that his own East

Side was heartily in favor of its enforcement to protect themselves from ptomaines and disease. We discussed the fairness of many of the points which he had mentioned in his famous letter, and even Harry had to smile when I asked him to show me those "castles of luxury" in which he alleged we judges lived. Then we talked of the respect and loyalty due to those who had been chosen as representatives of the people, and I told him some stories of the struggles which certain men in great positions had passed through on their way to success. At my request Harry told me something of his own hardships and of his efforts to gain an education. "Just to think, judge," he said, "I had to leave high school in the fourth term. I don't know why I should have had the bad luck to be cheated out of graduation."

"That must have been mighty hard," I replied, "but a good many men have succeeded without ever having seen a high school. How about Abraham Lincoln?"

"That's right," he reflected; "I guess I haven't been so unlucky after all."

We discussed his future plans and what it meant to become a loyal, useful, and service-

giving citizen of this great republic, our common country.

But, as we talked, I could notice all the time a look of wonder in his face. The question evidently kept constantly recurring to him: "Is this a court? Is this the way an offender is handled? Why have I been told that people like me have no chance for fair treatment or justice?" Never during our interview did he falter or break down. Never did he hesitate to express his own views nor, on the other hand, to acknowledge his mistakes whenever he saw that his conclusions were wrong, but more than once great tears stole down his cheeks, and I was glad, for they were not symbols of grief but rather tokens of appreciation for the sympathy and understanding which had been given him.

Finally, I told him that I had but one more suggestion to offer, and that was that he should write a letter of apology, or of explanation at least, to Judge A. "Harry," I said, "I don't want you to write such a letter under a threat or because of fear of what I might do. No letter sent under those conditions would be worth the paper it was written on. As far as I am concerned, I am finished with this

case, and you are going free the minute you leave this room. You have my solemn promise that I shall not punish you even if you tell me now to my face that you won't write the letter. But if you are the boy I think you are, your own self-respect and sense of honor and fair play will make you do it."

Harry got up from his chair and came toward me. "Judge," he said, "I've simply got to write that letter. Even if you tried to, you couldn't stop me. Here's my hand on it."

And with that pledge we parted.

Harry's word was as good as his bond, for a few days later he made his apology to Judge A. in the following form:

New York City,
Nov. 10th.

Hon. Judge A.,
Magistrate's Court,
New York City.

My dear Judge:

I am asking you to forgive me for writing that insulting letter to you about two weeks ago, which caused you much annoyance. But you can picture yourself in my place on Monday, two weeks ago. In order that you know whom I am, I will tell you something of my life. In the first place I have suffered all my life, thru want of good, decent clothes and a respectable living home. During my course in Public School I suffered

immensely because I was small and did not know much about life. But I did my work efficiently, although I felt ashamed of myself on seeing so many boys dressed nice, and had to wear torn old clothes. They used to carry 25c pieces in their pockets, while I scarcely had a penny and sometimes made a job here and there for 5c. I loved school then and still do now. After graduating, I went to High School where I felt disgraced entirely. I could not have gone to work, for I was only 12½ years of age. For one year I advanced courageously and successfully in that school, but my third term I was a downcast. I thought that times would be better, but in vain. At the end of the first month of my third term, I decided to leave which I did. I went out for a job without any working papers, and was overjoyed to strike one in a printing house for $5 a week, pulling a push cart overloaded with printed matter, for 15 and 20 blocks. I was merely a kid then. I used to come home overworked and used to lie to my mother that it was a fine job. After 2 months work, I was forced to return to school for I was not 14 years of age yet. When my 14th birthday dawned I felt I was the happiest fellow on earth. That day was in August a year ago. I lost no time in getting my working papers. From that day I managed to get along a trifle better with the aid of $6 or $7 a week, but still I was in hard luck, for the high cost of living came along, and there I went. Last May I decided to enter school for the study of Civil Engineering, my greatest ambition. I received information from the same, that one must be 16 years of age in order to take the entrance examinations. Well I have to go to some school to prepare for the examinations, therefore, I am attending a Prep School and am paying fifty hard earned dollars for 1 year. I expect to take the

examinations for my engineering course in September. In the meantime I have been doing a great deal of suffering but no one knows it. I try to shine up with a nice shirt, etc., but I am just like a red apple with a worm inside. Since lately, I have been going to work without breakfast, and with scarcely much dinner, for you know how much good a restaurant can give nowadays for 15c. The day my mother was arrested happened to be one of those non-breakfast days, and when I arrived home with an empty stomach to find my mother arrested, and not a bit of supper for me, and my little sisters and brothers crying for mama, you can just imagine how I felt.

I could not help writing that letter, for my heart was too full of grief to say nothing. But after I wrote it, the realization first came to me that I had made a great mistake. Therefore, I ask you to excuse me for the wrong I have done you. You can have my friendship now and ever, and at the same time I want to have yours. I wish to thank you for the good means which you used in bringing me to Court. I also would like you to send me the name of the judge who took up my case for I must thank him more than anyone else for the good he has this day done to me. I am sending you my best wishes and beloved friendship.

Hoping that you will accept my apology with great amity, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

HARRY SAMUELS.

Judge A. was not to be outdone by Harry in courtesy, and he answered him in a spirit of generous friendship:

CITY OF NEW YORK
CITY MAGISTRATES' COURTS

Nov. 14th.

MY DEAR HARRY:

I was overjoyed to receive your letter of a few days ago. It has given me as much pleasure as your first one caused me distress and bewilderment. Moreover, what is especially gratifying to me is that I can plainly see from the tone of your letter that it is written in full and free sincerity.

I had hoped all along that your first letter to me had not been written wickedly and from a bad heart, but rather from misunderstanding and it was because of this hope as much as from any desire to punish that I sent the letter to Judge Hoyt.

Your recital of your struggles and disappointment makes it all quite clear to me, but if you had given yourself up to bitterness and hatred it could hardly be called a victory for you. As it is, I am sure you are destined to succeed and to make a good citizen.

I am still regretful for the imprisonment I forced your mother to undergo, and for the pain it brought to her family. As stated by Judge Hoyt, had it been brought to my attention that she had little children at home I should have tried to be lenient as I almost invariably am in such cases.

It is not always an easy thing to be a magistrate and to promote public welfare through enforcing the laws when so doing falls harshly upon some unfortunate offender. Your mother's offense may in one way seem to be trifling, and it is not always that we can get at the real truth. Most of us try to do our best and with thousands of cases to try yearly and sometimes more than a hundred in a day we must sometimes make mistakes, seem harsh or otherwise unjust.

I am going to show Judge Hoyt your letter and talk to him about you, and express to him my pleasure at what he has done in your case.

In the meantime rest assured that you have my entire forgiveness and it goes without saying that I hope I have yours. With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(*Signed*) —— A.

To Mr. Harry Samuels,
New York City.

P. S. Come to see me at the 7th District Magistrates' Court one week from Sunday, say, about ten thirty in the morning, sending in your name to the Court Attendant.

This last letter closes the official record of the case. I might go on and tell how Harry and his mother have been succeeding in their struggles, of his plans for obtaining the technical education for which he has been striving, and of the friendly confidence with which he seeks advice and counsel from Judge A. and myself, but such matters are of personal interest only and form no part of our court proceedings.

I do not think that Mrs. Samuels now regrets that one night in prison, even though it entailed upon her a certain amount of unnecessary suffering. For, after all, it led through devious and unexpected circumstances to a

happy consummation. We all have gained something in consequence: Mrs. Samuels, through the acquisition of new-found friends; Judge A. and myself, through the deeper knowledge and broader understanding which this experience has given us; and Harry, through a clearer conception of his duties and responsibilities as a unit of society and as a prospective citizen.

Harry and I both think it would be a good thing to tell this story to the public. The boy believes sincerely, and I heartily agree with him, that his experience may teach something to those who fail to grasp the purpose of our law and who are accustomed to rail against its enforcement in a shallow and blatant fashion. Harry often smiles, though in a shamefaced way, when he thinks of that first letter of his, and he wonders where he picked up those thoughts and phrases which he tossed off so readily. It is not difficult, however, to know where he found them, for the world just now is full of such things. In these days of social upheaval and of readjustment of the old order, there are many who believe as Harry did once, that our established institutions are but forms of slavery, and that vice and greed and in-

humanity control their administration. But Harry now knows better than this. He has learned for himself that kindliness, common sense, and humane justice can exist side by side with the enforcement of law and order. He has rediscovered in his own way that fundamental and eternal truth which it has taken the world so many years to learn, through bitter experience and much tribulation: that human society, to exist and progress, must be governed by certain settled rules of conduct, and that while such laws may be constantly altered and improved, to disobey them and raise the flag of anarchy would remove every protection for the individual and hurl the whole world back into a state of lawlessness and utter chaos.

Citizens in the Making

"But why, officer, did you arrest this boy?" I asked a second time. "You say that he was standing on the sidewalk holding some handbills, yet that, alone and in itself, is not a crime. Did you see him do anything else?"

"No, your honor," replied the officer promptly, "I can't say that I did."

Somewhat surprised at his answer, I again looked over the written complaint very carefully to see whether the offense had been properly set forth. There it was in black and white just as I had first read it. Our youthful offender (whom we shall call Leo for short) was accused of "having distributed and scattered handbills containing printed matter in and upon a public place, to wit, a street."

Turning to Leo I explained to him exactly what the charge involved, and asked him again whether it was true in any particular. "When you told me at first that you were guilty," I added, "I naturally took it for granted that

you understood what it all meant. Now I am doubtful whether any offense at all has been committed."

"Some of it is quite true, and some of it isn't," answered Leo with deliberation. Then, with a sudden change of manner, he cried out: "Oh, I knew I was going to be arrested. I expected that. If you fine me, I will pay my fine; but I'm going to do it again. I am going to be arrested a hundred times before I am twenty-one. I am a Socialist, and I suppose I've got to suffer for it. You can't get fair treatment in America!"

These words, coming from a boy of fifteen, were rather startling, to say the least. In giving them utterance he had insensibly transformed the whole aspect of the case. What had appeared at first to be a commonplace matter involving a trivial violation of a city ordinance, in the twinkling of an eye and with dramatic suddenness, became a thing of tremendous importance. Invisible before, I now could see shadowy, sinister figures lurking around the boy and inflaming his imagination. Misunderstanding, revolt, and hatred seemed to stand out suddenly as vital forces and to grip him in their cruel clutches. These were

the things to be fought, these the spectres to be explained away.

Leo, as I have said, was fifteen years of age. In physical appearance he was attractive, tall, and well developed for his years. He had been born abroad but had come to this country when very young. Mentally he was above the average, having passed through several terms in high school, and at the time of his arraignment was working, I believe, in a good position. The boy had become intensely interested in Socialism, and had attended many meetings of various kinds and sorts. It was at one of these meetings that he had volunteered to distribute on the sidewalks handbills denouncing the conviction of a certain individual, and in attempting to do so had fallen foul of the police.

The situation created by Leo's outburst in court was a delicate one, and it obviously required the most careful handling. His alleged offense was small indeed compared to his defiance of the law and his reflections on the administration of American justice. But the two were inseparably involved, and the successful treatment of the larger problem called for the solution of the smaller. If the boy's point of

view was to be readjusted, and his ideas as to American law set right, it was apparent that the first step in this direction was to try his case and to determine whether, in fact, he had committed the offense with which he had been charged.

So, without commenting for the moment on his outbreak, I directed a plea of not guilty to be entered on our records, and proceeded with his trial.

After taking the evidence of the officer, who, by the way, was scrupulously fair in his attitude and refused to embellish his testimony for the purpose of strengthening his case against the boy, it became apparent that Leo actually had not committed the offense charged against him, although there was every reason to believe that he would have done so had not the officer intervened at the psychological moment. It was what might be termed a border-line case, and at the most constituted an attempt to violate a petty municipal ordinance.

Then Leo gave his side of the story, and in his turn told the whole truth without seeking to evade his responsibility in the slightest degree. He did have the handbills and he was starting to distribute them just as he was

stopped by the officer. He was only sorry that he had not had the time to scatter them far and wide, and to snow under the sidewalks with them!

"I'm afraid, Leo, that you would not have made yourself exactly popular with the Street Cleaning Department," I remarked. "How would you like the job of picking up papers and other refuse thrown upon the street? Possibly I might get such a position for you."

Leo positively declined my offer and said that he had never looked upon the matter from that point of view.

"What do you suppose the reason is for this particular ordinance?" I asked. Leo didn't know and didn't seem to care, but fortunately he was a boy of quick wit and keen intelligence, and it was not difficult to win his interest. I explained to him the purpose of this law, and how it was passed to prevent the littering up of the streets with advertising matter and papers of all kind. Election appeals, religious tracts, second-hand clothes advertisements, or Socialist propaganda—it made no difference. The scattering or distribution of handbills in the eyes of the law remained a nuisance.

The boy listened attentively, asked a few

questions himself, and then said that he was very sorry that he had attempted to violate this ordinance. "I didn't understand it at all, or else I wouldn't have done it," he said.

"I quite appreciate that," I replied, "and that is why I am going to discharge you with a warning. Please be careful about it in the future, and don't do anything which makes trouble and more work for other people—such as our friends, the street-cleaners."

The smaller problem had been settled—the more important phase of the situation remained to be dealt with.

"By the way, officer, in your testimony you said that these handbills contained statements of an inflammatory nature. Have you got one with you?"

"No, your nonor," he answered; "I didn't keep any."

"That is unfortunate. I should have liked to have seen the character of the appeal. You have accused the boy of but one offense—the violation of a municipal ordinance, with which I have just dealt. If he was knowingly distributing seditious literature he might have been charged with a far graver crime."

At this point an unexpected interruption took

place which eventually proved of help in the satisfactory handling of the case.

Three or four individuals who had entered the court-room with Leo came forward, and their spokesman asked the privilege of making a statement. Our hearings in the Children's Court are more or less private, and no one enters the trial-room save those having a special interest in the case. I had assumed at the time of their entrance that they were some of the boy's witnesses, relations or friends.

"Of course I should be glad to hear what you have to say," I replied. "The trial is over, and I have already indicated my decision. How did you happen to be interested in this matter?"

"Why, we are a part of the committee in charge of the meeting which the boy attended. We got up the appeal and gave him the handbills to distribute. Ours is the responsibility, and we are going to pay any fine which you may impose. But we intend to see that the boy gets justice!"

"What else did you expect him to get in an American court?" I demanded with some warmth. "I am glad, however, that you acknowledge your responsibility in the matter,

and that you recognize your liability for the fine. Had I imposed one I certainly should have permitted you to pay it. Now, perhaps, you can help by telling me something as to the nature of these handbills. You might also enlighten me as to your views regarding American justice. Do you approve of Leo's assertions that it is impossible to get fair treatment in America?"

"Of course not, your honor," the speaker replied. "Had we known the way you were going to handle the case, we should not have come here at all. Only sometimes"—he paused and continued slowly, picking his words with care—"the judges don't have the time to inquire into all the facts of a matter. Sometimes cases are decided superficially and mistakes occur. It would be a shame to have this boy suffer for our faults, if faults they really be. As to the handbills, I regret that we haven't a copy to show your honor. I can assure you, however, that they contained nothing of an inflammatory nature, and consisted simply of a plea for signatures to a petition for the pardon of a certain individual, addressed to the proper authority."

"Thank you for your explanation," I said to

him. "No one could find fault with your attitude. I feel sure you must be a good citizen."

"Well, Leo," I remarked, turning to the boy, "do you still feel that fair treatment in this country is impossible? You said to me in the beginning that you were a Socialist. That makes no difference to me whatsoever. I am not here to discuss your political beliefs or your religious beliefs. I presume that there are good Socialists and bad Socialists, just as there are good and bad men in all political parties or religious sects, for that matter. What I am interested in, and do care very much about, is whether you are going to become a good American citizen. You are already a unit of our society, and when one unit becomes diseased it is apt to infect other units, and thus endanger our whole social edifice. If you are going to remain in this country, I want you to become a healthy, clean-minded American, and contribute your share of service to the common good. Now, Leo, I have a suggestion to offer you." (This talk took place some months before the government undertook the deportation of criminal agitators, and before the Soviet "Ark" had been thought of.) "My

suggestion is this: If you don't like this country and its methods of justice, you can leave it. I can take up your case with the authorities, and I think I can arrange for your transportation back to Russia. Once over there, you can denounce our laws to your heart's content. On the other hand, if you are of the right sort and wish to assume the duties and share the responsibilities of citizenship, I for one should be happy to have you stay. We are glad and proud in America to admit those who come to us in good faith and who seek in this country an asylum which guarantees to them the right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' But we should be a weak and miserable nation indeed if we failed to bar or evict those who come to destroy. It's for you to decide, Leo!"

"Oh, judge, I want to stay. I don't want to leave America. I am sure I will make a good citizen."

"Then stay you shall. I am going to put my trust in you, and I feel confident that such trust will not be misplaced. My best wishes go with you."

Our little conference was at an end.

My friend, the spokesman of the committee,

however, was in no hurry to leave the court-room, possibly because he found that its atmosphere was so different from that which he had expected.

"Your honor evidently has a knowledge of Socialism. Perhaps you might like to attend one of our meetings. We might be able to convert you."

"I hardly think so," I answered. "The trouble with many of you is that you have not yet found yourselves. As I said before, I do not see why a good Socialist cannot be a good American. I trust that the two things are not antagonistic. On the other hand, Socialism, it seems to me, is being used, at the present time, as a generic name to cover beliefs and creeds which are as widely separated from each other as the poles. Some of you had better get to work threshing out the chaff from the wheat. Then, again, I am a great lover of personal liberty and individuality. In a super-socialistic state, I am afraid I would be deprived of these precious possessions and become a mere automaton. Have you ever seen an institutionalized child, from whom all individuality has been flattened out, and who seems devoid of all initiative and self-reliance?

I should hate to see a hundred million people institutionalized on a gigantic scale!"

"Your calendar is waiting," interposed the clerk of the court, rather severely. "The next case is ready. Shall I call it now?"

The gentlemen of the committee took the hint and started to leave the room with Leo. Their spokesman, however, had one last word to add.

"Thank you, judge, for all your courtesy. Our experience here this morning has proved one thing at least, and that is that Leo was mistaken when he said that he could never get fair treatment in an American court!"

It is well-nigh impossible to estimate how much good was achieved by the efforts of the court on that day. Not until Leo grows older, and comes to take his place as a full-fledged citizen of our republic, shall we be able to discover whether our elementary lesson in citizenship had, in reality, a permanent effect and tended to react favorably on his development. Perhaps we may never know. But of one thing we may be sure. Had his case been heard superficially and a punishment imposed without any understanding of the boy's point of view, the result would have been disastrous.

He would have regarded it as an injustice, and resented it accordingly; his heart would have been hardened; and he would have been strengthened in his conviction that in this country the courts are mere instruments of oppression. A citizen in the making might have been moulded into the very type—distorted, warped, and misunderstood — that threatens disaster to our social fabric.

A few days after Leo's visit to the court another case came before me which offered a rather striking contrast to the episode of the alien boy. Under a different guise and from an opposite angle, it taught, in a sense, the same lesson, and showed that our future citizenship is continually threatened not only by enemies from without, but by those from within who wilfully blind themselves to our ideals and who entertain no more real respect for our law and our government than do the maddest of anarchists.

A boy was arrested for the theft of an automobile. From the first it was apparent that he was guilty, although the instigator and actual perpetrator of the offense was a companion, a few years his senior, who had al-

ready been taken into custody and was at that moment awaiting a criminal trial.

The boy had excellent connections, his family were well-to-do, and he was receiving the best of education preparatory to his early entrance into college, when this tragedy took place. Unfortunately, through lack of supervision and the inexcusable indifference of his parents, he had drifted into bad companionship and was rapidly embarking on a criminal career at the time of his arrest. Had his father, who accompanied his son to court, come before me in a spirit of contrition and showed any sign of appreciating the gravity of the situation, even though it was in part of his own making, he would have found nothing but sympathy on our part. Instead of that, he behaved like an ignorant, blustering bully. He denounced the arrest of his son as an outrage, and boasted of his pull and political influence. The detective informed me that at the station-house the man had threatened to have him "broken" in short order for daring to interfere with one of his family. I advised the father that it would be well to proceed with his son's case at once—that I could sympathize, of course, with the desire on the part

of a parent to prove his child's innocence, but that in this instance the facts as set forth in the complaint, all of which the boy had admitted to the officer, were overwhelming. But the man wouldn't listen. He tried to intimidate the court itself, and came near landing himself in jail for contempt. He refused to proceed with the trial, and said that he was going to get a lawyer and beat the case!

The adjournment was granted as a matter of right, but when the trial took place, a few days later, even the services of a skilled police-court attorney availed nothing, and the boy was found guilty. I then attempted to impress upon the father a realization of the fact that his son's faults were the logical sequence of his own neglect, and his own contemptuous attitude toward the law's enforcement.

"With your type," I said, "I confess I have but little sympathy. This boy has gone wrong because, in my opinion, he has lacked that loving and intelligent supervision on the part of his parents to which he was entitled. Possibly, in that respect, you have sinned more through indifference than intention. When, however, this crisis in his life came to pass, and the hard, naked, ugly facts were violently

forced upon you, instead of seeking the truth, realizing your own responsibility, and endeavoring to co-operate with us for his correction and protection, you have taken a stand calculated to do him infinitely greater harm than his own foolish act. You have repeatedly dwelt on your position and connections. These things only make the situation worse. There is far less excuse for a boy of his birth and education than for one reared under more discouraging circumstances. Your son, I am glad to say, wanted to tell the truth and plead for another chance to prove himself. You blocked this attempt of his to do the manly, honorable thing, because you believed that you could free him in a way less straightforward but sweeter to your own vanity and comfort. To men such as you our ideals of government and our administration of justice are cheap things. They can be bought and sold by those in a position to barter. There are two sets of laws, one for the rich and one for the poor. 'Pull' and 'privilege' are the only things that count, while truth, honesty, and respect for the law can always be suppressed at one's convenience.

"Personally, I should like to put your son

on probation and try him out at home under the court's supervision. He now has told the whole truth, and there is probably a lot of good in him at the bottom. If he could be kept away from bad companionship and surrounded with finer, cleaner influences than in the past, I have no doubt but that he would go straight in the future.

"That is what I should like to do,"—I paused and continued a little more slowly,—"but I hardly dare take the risk. Your son is a future citizen of this country, and we all must share in the responsibility of making him a decent one. You have given him a very graphic lesson in bad citizenship, and I fear that you are not going to be of much aid in training him to become a useful member of the community. Under the circumstances I feel that the State of New York should assume his guardianship and endeavor to train him under more desirable influences."

For the first time the man completely lost his air of self-assurance. "You are not going to send him away?" he almost whispered.

"That is exactly what I mean," I replied.

"Oh, judge, don't do that. Trust us both. I appreciate how much I have been at fault,

but we will all work together. Give him a chance and you will never regret it."

The path had been cleared for one more young lad on the journey toward citizenship. I gave him the chance they both sought and in the final result I was not disappointed.

The Children's Court of New York deals annually with but a small percentage of the whole number of children in the city. That is eminently proper and desirable. It should be considered as a tribunal of the last resort, and if the faults of the children and of their parents can be cured without bringing them before it, so much the better, both for the children and the court. But it is safe to assume that at one time or another a large majority of the most aggravated types, including both the delinquent and neglected, pass under our jurisdiction. The victim of parental indifference or brutality, the product of bad environment, the morbid child, unstable and misunderstood, the future criminal—all come to us for treatment. This is the group which, in time, will produce the hardest problems for the community to deal with, and from which we may reasonably expect our most undesirable citi-

zens to come. There rests upon the court, therefore, a heavy responsibility to see that, as far as is humanly possible, these children should be corrected, protected, and moulded into future assets for society.

The range of our cases is extraordinary. They extend literally from "murder to incivility." From offenses too depraved and too sad to detail they run to misdemeanors of the most trivial kind. But each in its way is important, and it is a great mistake to think that, because the charge is a mild one, a matter can be dismissed hurriedly and the child's point of view neglected. It is a curious thing to observe how faithfully our small problems mirror the larger ones of the grown-up world, and how often the forces controlling children are the prototypes of those things which are destined to affect and control their future lives. In each case, therefore, we have to deal not only with the incident of the moment, but we also must consider its future reaction upon the individual whom we seek to help. The foundation for good citizenship must be laid with care and understanding.

Twenty Months After

TWENTY MONTHS AFTER

A FOOT-NOTE TO "A RECRUIT FOR LAW AND ORDER" AND "CITIZENS IN THE MAKING"

How charming and satisfactory was that final chapter of the old Victorian novel which was usually entitled "In Conclusion," and through which a forecast was furnished to the reader of the ultimate fate of each and every character in the story. To learn that the hero eventually achieved success in spite of all the obstacles which blocked his path, that the heroine became the mother of many lovely children, and that the villain finally met his just deserts in the purlieus of a foreign city allowed us to close the book with a sigh of satisfaction and a renewed faith in the final triumph of virtue.

Alas! in these modern days stories are not often ended in that way, and the bewildered reader is generally forced to draw upon his own imagination if he wishes to peer into the future and to visualize the subsequent course of events.

Perhaps the reason for this latter tendency is that the authors of the present day are somewhat doubtful of their own creations. If they could be fairly sure that their characters would always register true to form, they might be able to give the reader more definite information as to the future lot of such characters, and to foretell, in a measure, the things which destiny held in store for them.

In this respect the reporter of fact has an advantage over the writer of fiction. It is always possible for the former to look up the addresses of the individuals who have figured in his annals and to find out exactly how they are getting on. Unlike the novelists of old, he cannot forecast their ultimate fates, for he knows no more than any one else what will eventually happen to them. But he can inquire from time to time as to their activities and behavior, and whenever the occasion arises he can give the reader some authoritative information concerning their later development.

It was with this idea in mind that, a short time ago, I asked Harry Samuels, "A Recruit for Law and Order," and Leo, "A Citizen in the Making," to call upon me informally one afternoon at the Children's Court, and to let

me know how they were succeeding in their struggles and ambitions. Twenty months had elapsed since their appearances before the court, and I wanted to learn something of their progress. What I especially wished to discover was whether the efforts of the court in their particular cases had reacted favorably on their mental attitude and had proved of real and lasting benefit to them.

As far as Harry Samuels was concerned there was really little need of my asking him to call on that occasion. I had kept in close touch with him ever since that memorable day when he was summoned to court in connection with his rather fiery letter to the magistrate, and I knew how splendidly he had been forging ahead. He is now well advanced in the second year of his engineering course, and he has been working at night and in the summer to earn his own way through the technical school which he is attending. His mother is satisfied and happy, and they both look back on the incident of her arrest as a blessing in disguise. Harry is destined to develop into the finest type of a citizen. He possesses energy, efficiency, and common sense—a combination which is hard to beat and which

should carry him far along the road to success.

As to Leo I knew far less. I had heard that he was still an ardent Socialist, and that he was working with a newspaper of his own political persuasion. However, I wanted very much to see him and to learn whether his ideas as to the laws and the statutes had undergone a fundamental change. Curiously enough, it was Harry Samuels who volunteered to look him up for me and who gave him my invitation to call at the court.

Our meeting was really an unusual one. Somehow it seemed to belong to the realm of fiction, and as if these two characters had stepped out of a book to exchange impressions and to supply a concluding chapter to the stories which they had inspired. Certainly it was a rare treat and a privilege to see these two boys, whose experiences were responsible for the preceding chapters, sitting calmly together in the very building where they had first learned something of the law and talking over things in general with the former arbiter of their fates. It was a scene which is not usually associated with courts of justice.

Altogether we had a most interesting time. We conversed on many subjects and the two

boys told me much concerning their activities and their prospects. After a while we spoke of some of the social problems of the present day, a topic which appealed especially to Leo. In fact, at this stage of our conversation he took the floor, as it were, and did most of the talking. I ran a very poor second, while Harry Samuels for the most part sat back and gazed upon us with amused tolerance as we rambled on.

To my great satisfaction I discovered that Leo's views on the observance and enforcement of the law were very different from those which he had entertained twenty months before. No longer did he talk of being "arrested a hundred times before he was twenty-one." Instead, he professed a profound respect for law and order, and conceded that the ballot-box was the only decent instrument through which to effect a revolution. He admitted very frankly that his experience in the Children's Court had modified his views to a certain extent, and that he now considered criminal agitation an evil thing. The leaven which we had implanted had begun to work, and I was satisfied with that achievement.

It must not be assumed, however, that Leo

had changed entirely in the short space of twenty months. His ideas on Socialism remain the same, and his intellectual processes are still very crude. Among other things he informed me that all our works were blighted by the curse of capitalism. He said that while he recognized our good intentions and the efforts which were made to help the children who came before the court, we were actually tied hand and foot because we, ourselves, were nothing but the slaves of capital—which pleasant condition, according to Leo, included every worker and probation officer as well as the judges!

"But our salaries are borne by the taxpayers," I remarked. "Surely they do not all belong to the classes of privilege."

"All taxpayers are capitalists," he retorted grandiloquently. "They couldn't pay their taxes if they weren't!"

"Look here, Leo," I exclaimed, "don't you think you are going rather far? According to your theory, if you ride in the subway or streetcars, if you buy food and clothes, if you even procure paper for your newspaper, you become tainted with capitalism yourself. Have you ever thought of that?"

"Yes, I have," he replied. "It is hard to know what to do. However, the ballot will decide these things in the future."

At this point of our conversation the erstwhile silent Harry Samuels was unable to contain himself any longer. He broke out into a roar of laughter and ended our argument then and there.

"Some day you'll get wise," he said, addressing himself to the disconcerted Leo. "I felt that way myself once," tapping his forehead with a significant gesture, "but, thank heaven, I got it out of my system. You'll cheer up later on!"

Somehow I feel quite confident of Leo's future. He has developed wonderfully since that day in court, and he has a fairly sane idea as to the necessity for law and order. Among the other things which he told me in this last interview was that he had no use for the men of the committee who came to support him at the time of his arrest. He said that he had lost confidence in them because they had not proved themselves true to their own ideals. When a boy says that, it proves, at least, that he is doing a powerful lot of thinking.

The interview which I have recorded took

place a short time before Leo's experiences appeared in magazine form under the title of "Citizens in the Making." After its publication I was more than delighted and surprised to receive the following letter. I have hesitated somewhat to include it in this book because of its personal reference, but, as it forms so perfect a sequel to these two stories, and shows how far Harry Samuels has travelled in the past twenty months, I feel it should not be omitted.

DEAR JUDGE:

I have just finished reading "Citizens in the Making." It is a very appropriate title and a vivid and instructive presentation of the subject. The article has given me much pleasure and satisfaction, and exhibits an unmistakable understanding of human psychology. I should very much like to see the day when every man on the bench is possessed with as clear a vision and as just a purpose. I am returning to the city next week and if you care to see me I shall be glad to drop in. Things at home are good.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY SAMUELS.

The Gang in Embryo

THE GANG IN EMBRYO

The "Honest Club" was Twinsie's own, original idea. The credit for its organization, as well as the discredit for its later evolution, I regret to add, belonged exclusively to him, for the other members of his gang always followed like sheep when Twinsie led the way.

As a matter of fact, I believe that his Christian name was James or John, or something equally respectable, but he himself had discarded it at an early age. Having been favored by fate with a twin brother, he firmly decided as soon as he was able to articulate, that he himself should be known in the future as "Twinsie," and that his brother, who lacked his aggressive personality, should respond to the less intimate but possibly the more staid and dignified appellation of "Twin." Twinsie was a born leader of men—or, considering his age, which was twelve, perhaps I should say of boys. Very likely the fact that he had a twin brother, like a familiar spirit to echo his orders and to follow him in all of his projects

and adventures with blind devotion, gave him a position and prestige among his friends which was rather out of the ordinary.

Twinsie must have been in a particularly beatific frame of mind when he resolved to organize the "Honest Club." Possibly some good angel had been whispering in his ear, or perhaps his teacher had inspired him to the doing of noble deeds. Another inference (though I hate to suggest it) was that he was feeling the reaction resulting from the administration of some punishment for past misdeeds. But, whatever the reason, he unquestionably was fired on this momentous occasion with the desire to stamp out delinquency in general, and to employ his forces in the cause of righteousness. So he called his followers around him and unfolded his plan for the formation of what he was pleased to call the "Honest Club."

Taking the chair, as it were, he outlined the high purposes of this fellowship, and briefly sketched an attractive programme for the activities of its members. They were to avoid temptations of the baser sort, and eschew all evil, especially the sin of dishonesty. They were to be obedient to their parents, sympa-

thetic with their teachers, and helpful in assisting and running errands for their neighbors. By closely following this high-minded policy Twinsie asserted that they would reap substantial rewards. Not only would they gain that satisfaction which always flows from the consciousness of virtuous living, but it was to be hoped that their parents, their teachers, and their neighbors might feel impelled to bestow some small remuneration, preferably in the form of cash, in return for their good deeds and acts of devotion. These proceeds, Twinsie explained, should be turned in to the club treasury impartially by all concerned, and pooled into one fund for their common benefit. Then, when the receipts had grown to respectable proportions, the club could provide an outing, a feast, or some other form of entertainment acceptable to its members, under the direction of some competent adviser, preferably their teacher. The unregenerate among their small friends, unbidden to this spread, would be consumed with envy and jealousy, and would soon be clamoring for admission to the "Honest Club." In fact, its potentiality for good would be unlimited, and life would be very pleasant indeed for all within the charmed

circle. No more punishments, no more scoldings, no more bad marks! Instead, their parents, teachers, and neighbors would point them out with pride, and hold them up as examples to the youth of the community. "See those boys?" they would say, "they are fine fellows. That's because they're members of the 'Honest Club.'"

Twinsie's suggestion met with enthusiastic response. His convincing statements and assurances stifled any possible opposition, and the club sprang into existence then and there. His cronies pronounced the idea a grand one, for how could it possibly be anything else, since Twinsie himself had proposed it?

For a while all went well. The school and the neighborhood were a little startled by the sudden transformation in the habits of Twinsie and his friends, but they were none the less pleased. Much of Twinsie's predictions proved true. There were no more punishments, no more scoldings, no more bad marks. Life for its members was at least more calm and conventional if less exciting.

But as the weeks passed by a situation began to develop which threatened disaster to the whole project. While every one appre-

ciated the efforts of the members of the "Honest Club" to walk in the straight and narrow path, this recognition of their virtues failed to produce the expected cash. No matter how helpful they proved themselves to be at home, no matter how diligently they worked at school, and no matter how many errands they ran, or chores they performed for others, the longed-for pennies and nickels failed to materialize. No funds poured into the club treasury, and consequently there was no prospect at all for the feast or excursion so graphically pictured by Twinsie, which was to have made all non-members of the club gnash their teeth in envy. Alas! the material rewards of virtue sometimes are slow—so very slow in coming!

Twinsie sensed this situation before any actual revolt occurred among his followers. But there were warnings a-plenty and murmurings enough among his friends to show the need of immediate action. Now there is one thing to which leaders like Twinsie cannot submit and that is loss of authority. They may fight a losing battle, they may lead their henchmen into danger and possible defeat, but they can never survive desertion.

Accordingly, he resolved to meet the situa-

tion at once and to destroy the seeds of revolt before his leadership could be threatened. Calling his little gang around him, he explained that, while the experience of the "Honest Club" had not fulfilled all of his expectations, the fault lay not with the original idea itself, which was an excellent one, but with those whom they had hoped to please. They, the members, had done their part, but their parents, teachers, and neighbors had wofully fallen down in showing the proper and expected appreciation for their virtues. Now he had a new plan to propose. If no one cared for an honest club, why continue it? There were plenty of other ways to enrich the club treasury, and more exciting ones at that. Virtue was all very well, in its way, but vice had its alluring side as well. In short, he for one was tired of the "Honest Club" and all that it implied. He suggested, therefore, that its name be changed into the "Crooking Club," and that its members as a body should plunge boldly into a life of infamy and crime.

Twinsie had unwittingly pulled off a very successful *coup d'état*, and it won because of its audacity. Up to that time none of his friends had been "crooks," even if they had

been a little mischievous and unruly. To become a band of marauders and criminals was more than they had expected or bargained for, but none raised his voice in opposition. They all, I am sure, must have experienced some queer sinking feelings in their little insides as they listened to Twinsie's programme for their future activities, but, to a boy, they pledged their allegiance to the new and evil cause. So it was that the "Honest Club" ceased to exist and the "Crooking Club" came into being.

I wish I could tell you that the new organization failed to accomplish any of its reprehensible objects, and that it died out as quickly as its more worthy predecessor, but unfortunately that would not be the truth. Besides, how should I have known of these things, or how should I have made the acquaintance of these boys unless they had come into conflict with the law?

As a matter of fact, under Twinsie's leadership the "Crooking Club" had a wild, tempestuous, and evil career. Each and every one of its members sought to live up to its name, and they spared neither themselves nor others in the effort. They played truants from school,

and they stayed away from home. They pilfered from stands, and they held up and robbed other small children on the streets. Burglary became an ordinary occupation for them, and the stores and shops which they looted were too many to count. They established innumerable bunks,* made use of fences,† and pal'd up with older criminals. In a short time they made their gang notorious and its very name a terror in the neighborhood.

The inevitable reckoning was not long in coming. One night the whole lot attempted a daring raid on a poultry-market, and effected an entrance through a skylight on the roof. To reach the floor, a drop of about twenty feet, they slid down a rope which they had brought with them for this purpose, and which they had fastened around the chimney. As the last one let himself down he crashed through some of the glass, making a racket which brought the police, and Twinsie and his friends were caught, one and all, like rats in a trap.

The members of the "Crooking Club" presented a sorry appearance when they were arraigned before me the next morning in the

* Secret hiding-places for stolen goods.
† Receivers and dealers in stolen goods.

Children's Court. Twinsie did most of the talking for them, but even he lacked his usual self-assurance. I imagine all of them would have given anything in the world to have become members of the "Honest Club" once more, and to have had the memory of their subsequent depravities blotted out, as one might dispel the recollection of an abominable nightmare.

A favorable thing which I noticed at once concerning the boys was their disposition to be absolutely frank and truthful about themselves and their actions. After a brief inquiry into the facts of the offense, and following my usual custom, I put the case over for a week to permit a full investigation to be made of the affair and the boys' characters and environment.

This investigation when completed presented food for serious thought. Through it we learned of the establishment of the "Honest Club" and the evolution of the "Crooking Club." We found also that the reputation of all the boys, up to a short time before, had been fairly good.

As a whole the incident simply proved the tragedy of misdirected effort. Had these boys,

when they first got together, been guided with intelligence and common sense, they probably would have stuck to a normal, clean, healthy line of conduct. Their natural instinct in the beginning urged them toward good behavior and right living. It was only when virtue became flat and insipid through lack of excitement, interest, and appreciation by those to whom they naturally looked for guidance, that they decided to abandon it and to play a dangerous game. So does a gang often begin. At first the members band themselves together for pleasure and adventure, and it is only when normal interests fail to attract, or to fulfil their needs, that lawlessness enters in and leads them far afield.

In the case of these particular boys I am glad to say that I felt justified, after a thorough review of all the circumstances, in giving them a chance on probation. Most of them have responded very satisfactorily to this form of treatment, although one or two have since fallen from grace. The majority, however, have had their fill of criminality, and I do not expect any of them to feel again any attraction toward a gang.

What is going to become of Twinsie I do

not know. He is a character now, and will be one in the future. I sincerely hope that his qualities of leadership will be turned in the right direction, and that later on he will qualify himself as a good citizen. He has an active little brain, and it is teeming over with all kinds of plans and projects. A short time ago he and Twin reported to me on probation, and I had the pleasure of an extended talk with them on that occasion.

"What do you want to do when you grow up?" I asked Twinsie.

"Go into the movies," he answered, without the slightest hesitation.

"What made you think of that?" I inquired.

"Why, it is a grand scheme, judge," he replied. "When you have a twin you can do all kinds of things. Just think, Twin could commit a murder and I would be accused, and then there would be all kinds of mix-ups. Me and Twin could do lots of things other people couldn't do!" The placid Twin nodded a silent assent. Anything which Twinsie proposed was all right as far as he was concerned.

"Now I come to think of it," I remarked, "I don't think that you and your brother really do look very much alike after all."

"Oh, that's just because of the way he has his locks clipped," Twinsie asserted with a rather contemptuous gesture toward his brother's closely shaved head. "Wait till his hair grows out again like mine, and there ain't a soul who could tell us apart."

I have been trying to turn Twinsie's thoughts into other channels, but no one can tell what he is going to become, or what part he is really going to play in the years which lie before him.

Somewhat similar in many respects to the episode of the "Honest Club" was another case which recently came to my notice and which I have recorded in my files under the title: "The Robbery of Ikey C." Indeed, the original motives and causations were very much alike in both incidents, but I am glad to say that in this latter case the final result was infinitely less painful and serious.

Three young boys were brought before me charged with an act of juvenile delinquency, having been arrested for holding up Ikey in the street and robbing him of twenty-five cents. When I glanced first at the three youthful defendants and then at the com-

plainant, I received something of a shock. It seemed as if there must have been some mistake, and as if their positions should have been reversed, for the three juvenile robbers were the cleanest, brightest, and nicest-looking boys one could possibly imagine, while Ikey's appearance and general attitude were enough to awaken suspicion at first glance. However, suppressing my misgivings for the moment, I proceeded with the case, and turning to the boys asked whether the charge was true.

"Sure," they all answered in chorus. "We took the quarter from him."

"Well, I never would have thought it," I murmured to myself, and then I inquired of the boys how it all happened.

"Well, you see it was this way, judge," replied one of the number, who acted as spokesman. "We belong to a club in our church, and some of the things we have promised to keep away from are playing craps and swearing. We promised to try to make our friends good, too, and to stop all gambling around the block. Most of the boys have given it up, but Ikey's the worst of the lot, and he's shooting crap all the time. Yesterday we seen his mother hand him a quarter and tell him to

go and get some milk for the baby, but Ikey just sneaked around the corner and started up a crap game. So we all got together and jumped on him. We got back the quarter all right, we did!"

The other two boys nodded assent, and the faces of all three glowed with righteous enthusiasm, as if in the consciousness of a duty well performed. They looked up at me with angelic expressions in the certain expectancy that I could do nothing less than give my approval to all that they had done. Before commenting on their actions, however, I thought it best to hear what Ikey had to say, so turning to him I asked whether this particular quarter did not belong to his mother. Ikey of the guilty conscience squirmed around in the witness-chair in which he was sitting, and looked thoroughly miserable.

"Yeh," he admitted reluctantly. "She gived it to me. But, judge, don't yer believe that story they're tryin' to hand yer. They wasunt going to give it back to mommer. Oh! no! They stole it from me 'cause they wanted to go to the movies with it," and Ikey grinned slyly, happy in the momentary belief that he had turned the tables on his traducers. Vigor-

ous denials to this accusation, however, were entered by the three defendants, and they all asked me to look into the case to see if their story was not true in every particular.

This I did, and the subsequent investigation proved the accuracy of all of their assertions. Their characters were found to be of the best, while Ikey's reputation was discovered to be very shady indeed.

It took me some time, however, to convince my three young friends that their action in jumping on the wretched Ikey was scarcely within the law. I told them of the Vigilantes of the early Californian days, but pointed out that their operations could hardly be tolerated to-day in a city like New York. (Of course I did not add that sometimes one couldn't help having a sneaking sympathy for vigilantes in general!) It was not difficult, however, to suggest other and better methods of reaching the same end, and we discussed the various ways in which they could make themselves and their club a real power for good in the community.

As a matter of fact, their arrest, which was really accidental, and simply due to the commotion which they were making in the street,

turned out to be rather timely and fortunate in the end. For these boys, like the members of the "Honest Club," originally banded together for really decent purposes, might have turned their energies through misdirection and lack of realization into more dangerous channels, and having discovered force as an easy weapon by which to work their will, might have been induced to use it later on for more sinister purposes.

Of all the cases of incipient young gangsters which ever came before me, that of David B. was one of the most extraordinary.

David, who was fifteen years of age at the time of his arrest, was caught red-handed in the act of forcing an entrance from a fire-escape into a third-story apartment. As he was cornered by the janitor and one or two others he dropped a revolver into the area, which when examined was found to be fully loaded. Another boy or man had been seen in his company when he first had been observed, but this individual had succeeded in getting away by climbing up the fire-escape and disappearing over the roof before David was caught.

These were the only facts known to the police when David was first brought into court, and I could get nothing more out of him at my initial hearing, save an admission that he was indeed trying to break into the apartment for the purpose of burglary. To my inquiry as to the identity of the individual seen in his company, he replied that he was a young fellow known as Tony the Wop, whom he had met only an hour before, and who had suggested to him the commission of this particular offense, at the same time handing him the loaded revolver. I remarked that the name Tony the Wop sounded suspiciously generic, but David emphatically denied any further knowledge of the fellow.

As we proceeded with our investigation of the case, however, we found out many things of David and his associates, which he had omitted to tell us. So much, in fact, that finally David recognized the futility of lying any further about his actions, and offered to tell us everything concerning himself and his companions. The boy, I had every reason to believe, had been anxious all along to tell the truth, yet had been restrained, partly by an innate feeling of loyalty toward those with

whom he had been acting, but principally by sheer terror at the thought of their possible revenge.

David, it appeared, lived alone with his widowed mother, and had passed through several terms in high school, but during the past year he had become restless and discontented, and had drifted away from his former associations. A few months before his arrest he had fallen in with a particularly vicious gang of criminals, who had craftily led him on from one small offense to another, until having obtained complete domination over him they had used him for crimes of the most daring and nefarious description.

As David gave us the names of his companions we discovered them all to be well-known characters in the underworld, and possessors of criminal records. One at that very time was being earnestly sought by the authorities in a murder case. A general round-up by the police resulted in the arrest of seven of these individuals, and a search in their respective rooms led to the discovery of a large number of revolvers, blackjacks, masks, jimmies, and burglars' tools, which alone were enough to obtain convictions against them all. The alleged Tony the Wop—whose name, of

course, was not Tony at all—turned out to be a notorious character who had indeed planned the burglary which led to David's arrest. Incidentally two receivers of stolen goods were located and an investigation of their premises disclosed a vast amount of stolen property, and solved the mystery of a number of crimes hitherto unexplained.

Then David told us other facts which led to more discoveries. One of the members of the gang had obtained employment in a well-known building in the city as a night-watchman. In the basement he had rigged up a gallery for pistol practice, which was freely made use of by all of his friends, and where, as David informed us, the young apprentice was taught how to shoot to kill. He also said that a plot had been hatched there to blow up the safe in the office of the building, and that the explosives for this purpose would be found hidden in a certain spot in the basement. Both the pistol-gallery and the explosives were found precisely as described by David.

Taking it all in all, the arrest of this boy led to the punishment, and we hope the destruction, of one of the vilest bands of which one could conceive. As to David himself, he has remained under our supervision for a con-

siderable time, and has formed new associations of a far different character from those which defiled his life awhile ago. He is learning an excellent trade, and there is every prospect that in the future he will acquit himself with success and honor.

The gang instinct is not an easy thing to overcome. Once it gets into the blood it often reasserts itself after the lapse of time and long periods of apparent inaction. Its call, like the passion for strong drink, draws men back again to the habits of the past, and its bonds are hard to break.

The case of Robert Shore was a striking instance in point. (Here I use his true name, for his record has already received wide publicity.) The tragedy of his latter life, it is needless to say, came as a distinct shock and disappointment to us all, but the fact that in this case our efforts proved unavailing is no reason for avoiding reference to his brief but eventful career.

Shore was but a boy of fourteen when he was picked up by the police for having a pistol in his possession. There was nothing of peculiar interest in the incident of his arrest, as the boy claimed that he found the weapon,

and the officer could offer no proof to the contrary. The circumstances were such, however, that an investigation seemed desirable, and through it we discovered that Shore had been keeping questionable company. He apparently had an irresistible craving for gangs and gangsters, and, although he was too young to qualify as a full-fledged member of their circles, his one idea appeared to be to fit himself for such associations later on. While he was detained pending our investigation, a letter was found in his possession addressed to one Thomas Francis Smith, at Sing Sing prison. Smith, generally known as "Tanner" Smith, was a well-known gangster, the possessor of a criminal record, and an operator in those districts which produced the "Terrible Nine," the "Hudson Dusters," the "Gophers," and the "Guerillas." The meeting-places of some of these bands were euphoniously known as "Tubs of Blood." Shore's letter was a human document of considerable interest, and its phrases were redolent with the argot of the gang. In part it read as follows:

DEAR THOMAS:

I am taking great pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know how every little thing is. The other Saturday Sullivan from 27th did a little carving

on Hawkie. Sullivan was with your friend Rogers and a dummy* past. On the dummy was Hawkie. Sullivan got on the opposite side in the engine so Rogers seen Hawkie making his way and pumped five at Hawkie, but got a surprise when Hawk ran over to him and shoved him through a hall in Tenth. Now Rogers is trying to have it over and get out of it but there is no fear. He'll get all that is coming. Our friend Mack grabbed Larkin Sunday night and put it to him. Lark pigged like a baby and said he had nothing to do with it, so they took that stuff and let him go without giving him his.

Tom has been with Jackie McG in 16th Street all the time since you been away and also with Richmond and Cassidy Pete. How are they with you, aces? If so let me know cause I won't have anything to do with any one you have no use for. Owney Madden† is getting quite familiar with this neighborhood. He passes here often but it won't last when they hear you're here. They'll get pinched to be in safe keeps for life. . . .

I went back to work Monday last November 9th, and I feel fine. My muscles were stiff from being home a month, so next time I fall the doctor told me to fall on my back and not on my face, as it is bad for the eyes and chin and wrists.

Your friend,

ROBERT SHORE.

I was quite willing to give Shore a chance on probation provided that he would break

* A dummy engine on the Eleventh Avenue tracks of the New York Central Railroad Company.

† A notorious gang leader, afterward sentenced to State's prison for manslaughter.

completely away from the company which he had begun to cultivate so assiduously. This the boy agreed to do, and I believe that, at the time, he was sincere in his promise. He seemed anxious to turn over a new leaf and to interest himself in other directions. While he remained under our supervision he acquitted himself creditably in all respects, and at the time of his final discharge from the Children's Court we had every reason to believe that he would prove himself to be a useful member of society.

That was more than six years ago. How long he continued to resist the influences of his former associates I cannot say. Perhaps he went back to them just as soon as our legal jurisdiction over him came to an end. Possibly he continued to struggle for a short time after that, until the call became too strong for him to resist, and the old lure dragged him back in spite of all his better resolutions.

That he did go back, however, there unfortunately can be no question. He was arrested several times later on and served a term in the penitentiary for an offense similar to that which led to his initial appearance in the Children's Court—the carrying of a re-

volver. Finally, one day in the summer of 1919, his old friend "Tanner" Smith was killed in a fight, and the press mentioned very prominently the name of Robert Shore (now known as "Rubber" Shore) in connection with the affair. Before Shore could be taken into custody, however, a second tragedy took place, and Shore himself was killed by a friend of Smith, it was thought, in revenge for the death of his chieftain. What led to the falling out between Shore and Smith has never been fully explained, and even at the present writing a judicial inquiry is pending as to the complicity of others in the affray. Thus ended a young life which seemed to promise better things only six years before.

Of course there are gangs and gangs. Some are made up merely of boisterous youths who band themselves together for the purpose of mutual protection, and whose acts of lawlessness are mostly confined to street fights with their rivals and enemies. In a sense the purpose of such organizations is defensive, and the offenses which they commit are generally incidental to their combats or their quest for adventure. But later on such associations are

apt to undergo a dangerous and ominous development, and we often find that the more hardened of their members throw aside all restrictions of law and order and organize themselves into groups to prey upon society. In their ranks can be found the typical gangsters, the gunmen and the criminals of whom we hear so much, and who hesitate at nothing, not even at murder itself, in the carrying out of their objects.

The finished gang is the product of evolution. Its embryonic germ is innocent enough in itself, and in many cases its origin can be traced to the natural desire of boys to associate together for pleasure and adventure. These associations, if properly directed and guided, will never lead to any harm, and are often productive of good results in teaching boys manliness, self-reliance, and loyalty to others. The poison sets in only when, through thoughtlessness or misdirection of their activities, they are led into folly and mischief. Then again, groups of this kind in the same neighborhood are frequently known to clash. At first their rivalries may be more or less friendly, but the temptation to overstep the mark is ever present, and when one side indulges in

disorderly acts the others are forced to do the same thing in retaliation. "The descent to Avernus is easy," and once boys lose their respect for law and order, other transgressions and delinquencies will follow in logical succession.

We constantly encounter the embryo gang in those street fights which bring so many boys into the Children's Court. In nine cases out of ten when boys are picked up for throwing stones or indulging in other forms of combat in public places, it is safe to assume that it is the result of warfare between the denizens of two streets or avenues. Indeed, one of my first questions in such a case is to ask a boy to which street he belongs.

A short time ago we received so many complaints of fighting in a certain section of the city that a probation officer was assigned to the special task of trying to restore order. A large number of boys had been arrested in the neighborhood, and all of them had pleaded guilty to taking part in these outbreaks, but still the warfare went on. The police seemed powerless to stop it, and mere punishments appeared to have no effect whatever. From our investigations we found that the boys living on Ninth Avenue and those on Tenth, within a

given area, had organized themselves into two rival bands and that the young inhabitants of the side streets included within this zone had affiliated themselves with one or the other of these main bodies. They fought incessantly, and whenever they had an occasion to meet they indulged in their feud, to the danger of all passers-by and to the injury of many windows in the vicinity.

Our probation officer, starting with those lads who had been arrested and placed on probation by the court, gained the interest and friendship of many others in the two groups, and in a short time learned much of the doings of all of the boys involved as well as of the activities and identities of their leaders. He also aroused the interest of the local churches, schools, and settlements in the situation. Finally, when he thought the time ripe, he called a conference of both sides for the purpose of adopting an appropriate treaty of peace. At the hour set, a number of boys gathered at the appointed rendezvous, and our officer started to address them. But as he proceeded to describe his proposition the crowd continued to increase so rapidly that an adjournment had to be taken, and the meeting

postponed until a larger place could be found to accommodate his eager listeners. A little while later he obtained permission to use a school auditorium, to which the crowd moved in a body, and where he was able to continue his talk. When he finished, his suggestions were received with uproarious applause, and every resolution which he proposed was carried with a storm of enthusiasm. It was then that he began to feel that something was wrong, for he knew that the two gangs would never assemble together so amicably or agree so quickly.

"How many of you here belong to Ninth Avenue?" he asked. The whole conference arose *en masse*, and in a wild uproar affirmed their loyalty to their native thoroughfare.

"And how many are there from Tenth Avenue?" he queried anxiously, with a premonition of failure. Not a hand was raised or a voice heard in answer.

Then the whole crowd broke out into a bedlam of hisses, groans, and catcalls, which told the probation officer plainly what had happened. Tenth Avenue had deserted him, and he had wasted all his persuasive eloquence on Ninth alone.

Undismayed, however, at his first setback, he immediately started to find out why the Tenth Avenue crowd had proved recalcitrant, and in a short time he discovered the reason. They had been led to believe by some false report that the meeting was a fake one, and that it was a trap set by the Ninth Avenuers for their undoing. Fearing an ambush, they had resolved to stay away, but in so doing had intended no disrespect to our peacemaker. A little later on, after the situation was better understood, he succeeded in bringing the leaders of both sides together, and a peace treaty was actually signed, which was honored and observed by all concerned. The warfare came to an end, and the two groups gradually mingled and fraternized in a spirit of friendship. It was really a fine piece of work on the part of our probation officer, and he succeeded in permanently eliminating a disorder which the police by strong-arm methods had failed to suppress.

It is often curious and gratifying to find how ready and willing boys are to help in improving conditions if they can be made to understand just why and how their assistance might be of value. But the appeal must

be made to them in full sincerity, as man to man, for a maudlin plea or a harsh command would be equally ineffectual in arousing their interest or enlisting their sympathy. I have found in certain cases no more effective agents for the maintenance of law and order than boys themselves, if they are properly handled and guided.

Recently a group came before me charged with stone-throwing. As usual I found that it was a fight between two street gangs. I talked over the matter with the boys in detail, and as they were an intelligent lot it was not difficult to make them understand the error of their ways. Finally I asked them all to assist our probation officers in putting an end to the nuisance. I explained that each boy was usually able to influence a friend or two, and that, although I did not want any of them to undertake more than he was able, I felt that great good would result if each one did his best.

"How many other boys can you get to stop this fighting?" I asked one of the largest of the group.

"Two or three," he responded.

"How many could you?" I inquired of another.

"I don't quite know," he answered with some hesitation. "I think I could get hold of one."

"That's fine," I replied. "I only want you to do what you can. Don't make any promise which you cannot keep."

"And what can you do, Jimmie?" I said, turning to one of the smallest of the lot.

"Oh! I'll get thirty or forty," he asserted with an air of confidence.

"Isn't that a great many for you to control?" I exclaimed in wonder.

"Oh! no," answered Jimmie. "I guess I can get the other kids to stop, all right. There won't be no more battles, judge."

To my amazement Jimmie's word was as good as his bond, for he turned out to be the leader of all the small boys in his block, and he loyally kept the pledge which he gave me. On his return to his neighborhood after his appearance in court he gave the command for the cessation of warfare, and the locality in consequence enjoyed a spell of peace and quiet for many months while Jimmie ruled the roost.

After all is said and done, the gang instinct is a quality which cannot be ignored or over-

looked. Its existence is a natural characteristic of our social order, and it would be impossible to uproot or destroy it, even if it were desirable to do so. In its origin it is but a form of comradeship and social activity which binds youth together in a communion of brotherhood, and, as I have pointed out before, it is only in its later development, due to modern conditions and environment, that the gang becomes a menace and a thing of evil.

The task before us is to guide this tendency and instinct in the right direction before it is too late. Constancy and loyalty are virtues to be fostered, and a boy who can lead a crowd, or who will stick to his friends through thick and thin, is too valuable a potentiality to be neglected. Already many organizations have recognized the wisdom of enlisting and putting into play these very qualities in the training of youth. The achievements and ideals of the Boy Scouts show, for example, what can be accomplished in this connection by proper direction and intelligent leadership.

For the hardened gangster no one can have the slightest sympathy or respect. But just because a number of boys choose to band them-

selves together into what they are pleased to call a gang, don't lose hope for them, or believe that they are necessarily on the path to perdition.

In Quest of Change and Adventure

IN QUEST OF CHANGE AND ADVENTURE

"Please, mister, how much is it to Palm Beach?"

The ticket-agent at the Pennsylvania Station was somewhat startled by the unexpected inquiry, and gazed wonderingly at the youthful figure standing in front of his window. At seven o'clock on a dull November morning travel is apt to be rather slack, and a request for transportation to Palm Beach at such a time is liable to excite the curiosity of even the most phlegmatic of ticket-sellers.

"A good deal of money, my son," he replied in a kindly voice. "But it's sort'er early yet to go there. The trains at this time of year only stop at West Palm Beach. Ain't you rather rushing the season?"

"Oh, no," came the agitated answer. "I want to get down there right away. I can pay for it easily."

With that the boy produced a roll of bills which made the ticket-agent gasp. It also

made him do something more, for, inviting the boy to step inside the booth upon the pretext of fixing up his ticket, he signalled for the railroad detective whose duty it was to interview travellers of suspicious appearance and behavior.

Upon the arrival of the latter the two officials proceeded to question the boy as to his identity and the reason for his proposed visit to Palm Beach. He answered their inquiries rather nervously and told a somewhat incoherent story which only served to increase the misgivings of his auditors.

His name, he said, was Leonard Kenneth. His father and mother were both dead, and as their only child he had fallen heir to a considerable fortune. His guardian, however, was of a cruel, unsympathetic type, and Leonard had found the surroundings of his new home, which was situated in a small suburban town, exceedingly distasteful and confining. So, after practically dismissing his guardian, he had decided to learn more of the world and to spend some of his leisure time in travel. With that purpose in view he had drawn a fairly large sum of money from his estate and had come to New York, where he had been amus-

ing himself in various ways for the past fortnight. During his stay in the city he had been stopping at one of its best-known and most expensive hotels. His reason for wishing to go to Palm Beach was a very simple one. He had found plenty of amusement, but that was not just what he was looking for. The time had come, he thought, when he should meet people and acquire social polish and distinction. The easiest way to break into society, he had read, was via Palm Beach. Hence his very logical and proper request for a ticket to that training-camp of the social aspirant.

The ticket-agent and the railroad detective looked at each other and shook their heads. They were quite ready to sympathize with Leonard's yearning for high life, but they remained wholly unconvinced by the story of the unsympathetic guardian and the large estate. The detective understood enough law to know that even if Leonard had a right to the money he was using, he had no authority or license to be roaming around the country at his age without some one to look after him. So it was decided to take the young traveller into custody and turn him over to the proper authorities for investigation.

At about the same moment that Leonard was making his abortive attempt to procure transportation to Palm Beach the Police Department of New York received word from a neighboring city that a general alarm had been sent out for a boy by the name of—(let us say, "Frank Brown"), of the age of fourteen, who had run away from his home taking with him several thousand dollars from his father's strong-box. The description of the runaway followed, and in every detail it tallied with the appearance of the *soi-disant* Leonard Kenneth.

A little later on the same morning the boy was arraigned before me in the Children's Court. Except that there was no eagerness or resolution left in his expression and manner, he stood before me just as he had stood before the ticket-agent a few hours earlier on that day of days in his young life. And, looking at him, I was not surprised that the ticket-agent had paused and wondered. In one hand the boy held a shiny new tarpaulin bag and in the other clutched a soft hat of vivid green. Both hands were encased in white kid gloves ornamented with black stitching on the backs. The suit which he wore outdid in cut even

those "good form" models of the modern advertisement, while a gaudy tie, a striped silk shirt, and patent-leather shoes completed a picture which would have been amusing had it not been so pathetic.

The legal preliminaries in his case were settled swiftly. The boy admitted at once that he was the missing Frank Brown and that he had stolen the money from his father.

What I wanted to know, however, and what interested me far more deeply than the bald facts of his offense were the underlying causes for his conduct and the mental reactions which had influenced him to seek pleasure in so strange a way. Had the boy on his arraignment in the Children's Court been harshly treated or laughed at in the beginning the truth would have been unattainable. A little interest, a little sympathy, and a little understanding were sufficient, however, to win his confidence, and, once the barriers of reserve and shame were broken down, he poured out his young heart and soul in full confession.

Until a few months before he had been quite happy in his modest but comfortable home. His mother and father had always treated him kindly, although apparently there was no par-

ticular bond of sympathy between himself and his parents. Once he had asked his father for permission to join a boy's club, but the suggestion had been frowned upon.

Suddenly he found his life utterly "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Just why he didn't know. But it was. He wasn't getting any fun and it was fun that he wanted. He longed to get away from his prosy, dull surroundings and to go out into the world in quest of change and adventure.

As it happened, his father frequently brought home from his shop a considerable sum of money and kept it in a cash-box over night until he could deposit it in the bank the following morning. Knowing of this parental habit, it was an easy matter for the boy to force the box, extract its contents, and steal out of the house without arousing his parents. Taking an early morning train to New York, he was able to reach the city and lose himself before any pursuit could be started.

"How long have you actually been here?" I asked him. "You told the ticket-agent that you had been amusing yourself in New York for a fortnight—was that true?"

"No!" was the sad and rather plaintive re-

ply. "I really haven't seen anything of New York at all. I only left home yesterday morning."

"Now, Frank," I said, "tell me why you took the name of Leonard Kenneth, and what put the idea of Palm Beach into your head. I want very much to understand all about it."

The boy hesitated for a moment and then braced himself as if for an unpleasant ordeal. The thought evidently flashed through his mind that, having already told so much, he might as well explain the rest, and get the painful and mortifying business over once and for all.

"Because I wanted to get to know the proper kind of people. I didn't think Frank Brown sounded just right, and thought Leonard Kenneth would help me much better."

For a moment I lost power of utterance; then, gathering myself together, in a faint voice I asked him to proceed. "How about Palm Beach?" I inquired.

"Just for the same reason," he answered. "I read that if you wanted to get to know people and break into society the best place to begin is at Palm Beach. You can make a start there and after that the rest is easy."

"What on earth have you been reading?" I exclaimed in wonder. "Did you get this from some book?"

"No! judge," he replied bashfully. "I got it from the society columns!"

At this point some of my readers may conclude that I have departed entirely from a recital of actual facts, and that I have evolved a fictitious colloquy for the purpose of pointing a moral or adorning a tale. Let me assure them that this conversation (or, to employ the legal phrase, this examination) actually took place in the Children's Court of the city of New York a short time ago, and that the language used is reproduced practically verbatim.

The boy's explanation of his impulse and motive was illuminating, to say the least. For once the much-abused and much-condemned movies and dime novels were relegated into the background as the contributing causes of juvenile delinquency. A newcomer had asserted itself, and, *mirabile dictu*, it turned out to be that staid, respectable, and immaculate friend of the reading public—the society column!

"Tell me, Frank," I said, as our interview

drew to an end, "how much of your father's money have you spent altogether?"

"About two hundred dollars," he replied.

"And for what did you spend it?" I inquired.

"The ticket to New York, the hotel, a couple of shows, and clothes," was his rejoinder.

"Did you really buy a great deal for your campaign at Palm Beach?" I asked, with a real feeling of sympathy as I gazed on the serio-comic figure in front of me.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I bought this suit, this bag, these shoes, and this hat."

"How about that silk shirt and tie?"

"I got those, too."

"Collars?"

"One besides the one I have on."

"Any other shirts, underclothes, or socks?"

"No, I didn't think I would need any."

"Not even a bathing-suit?"

"Gosh, what do you know about that! I just clean forgot it."

A few hours after Frank's appearance in the court his father arrived to reclaim his erring offspring. To my satisfaction and delight, and entirely contrary to my expectations, I found him to be a man of broad sympathy and discernment. At the outset he sought to take

the blame of the whole occurrence upon himself, and insisted that his was the fault in permitting his business interests to engross his whole time and attention, with the consequent neglect of his own son. He acknowledged that he had failed to provide the boy with proper amusements and outlets for his activities, but promised that if I would allow him to return home everything would be different in the future. He had already thought out and prepared for submission to me a tentative programme for his son's occupation and training. It embraced a sojourn for the boy at an attractive summer camp, a short return to his own home, where he would be given every opportunity to meet and mingle with desirable friends, and then a final placement in an excellent boarding-school.

Frank's joy at his father's forgiveness and their mutual desire to atone for past differences convinced me that the boy's problems had been solved wisely and sanely. In turning him over to his father I felt sure he would be watched over and guided with good judgment and loving sympathy.

So it was that I said good-by to Frank Brown. But in my heart I said good-by to

some one else—Leonard Kenneth from the land of make-believe.

Ah, Leonard, you were very young and very crude and very foolish. Yet there are many grown-ups whose reasoning is as primitive as yours. They, too, seek a place in Vanity Fair, and to gain it they are willing to do things beyond your ken and comprehension. You are forgiven because of your youth and because your dreams were so ephemeral. But for those who err with deliberation and understanding, the final reckoning may not be as easy as yours.

It is not only among the boys that we find this intense yearning for change and adventure. In the pursuit of happiness many a girl will dare much, and will take no end of risks to find diversion from the irksome routine of a monotonous existence.

A certain good woman (whom, for the purpose of this story, we shall call "Mrs. Burns") was a just mother according to her lights. She was totally devoid of a sense of humor, however, and strangely lacking in tenderness and tact. So it was not to be wondered at that she and her daughter Helen failed to get

along and that they had gradually drifted far apart. Had Mrs. Burns only replaced her jeremiads and curtain-lectures with a little kindly common-sense advice, it is doubtful whether Helen ever would have set out on her great adventure, and whether Mrs. Burns ever would have appeared in the Children's Court in the guise of a complainant.

The final break in their domestic relations was brought about by a very trivial thing—very trivial at least in the eyes of Mrs. Burns, but of supreme importance and of vital significance as far as Helen was concerned. For the thing in question was Helen's hair.

As long as she had remained in school Helen had been perfectly satisfied with a coiffure of the plainest style, and had followed her mother's advice in brushing it straight back from her forehead without the slightest attempt to make anything of her "crown of glory." Now that she had graduated from school, however, and was working with salesladies and such, the situation, in Helen's opinion, was entirely different, and she decided that it was time to make the most of the gifts with which heaven had endowed her. So one afternoon, with the assistance of some of her new-made friends,

she rearranged her locks and tresses in a manner more consistent with the fashion of the present day and then proceeded to her home to dazzle and amaze the unimaginative Mrs. Burns.

The experiment was wholly unsuccessful. There was no question about her mother's amazement, but it was of a different kind from what Helen had expected and it contained no suggestion either of admiration or of pleasure.

"You bad, wicked child," shrieked Mrs. Burns, almost beside herself as she gazed at her partially transformed and somewhat modernized offspring. "Whatever do you mean by dolling yourself up like that? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Go to your room this minute and take out them curls and them frizzes. I won't have no hussy like that in my house. If you won't do things like I like them, you can clear out for good and all!"

Her mother's outbreak did not altogether astonish Helen. She had not expected to work this transformation in her appearance without a certain amount of fault-finding and criticism, and so she had looked for something of the kind; but its violence and fury quite staggered her. Without a word she went to her room and there she sat and thought and thought.

The first conclusion which she arrived at was that her home was an impossible place. True, she had been sometimes at fault herself, but she had never committed any serious wrong and she was not to blame for all the lapses and delinquencies of which her mother continually accused her. If only she could be accorded a little sympathy and a little understanding, everything would be so different! But her mother would never see anything from her point of view, and there would be precious little fun in the future while this state of things continued. Mrs. Burns had told her that if she would not act just as she wanted her to, she could clear out for good and all. Well, it was certain that she couldn't be happy and please her mother at the same time, so undoubtedly the best plan to follow would be to take this advice and leave her uncongenial home forever.

Having settled this much of her programme, the next question was where to go and what to do. As she pondered over this phase of her problem, an idea began to formulate in her mind which seemed to offer an attractive solution for all her difficulties. For some time past she had been indulging in an intermittent

day-dream and had pictured herself in fancy as living the life of a girl surrounded by every luxury and comfort. Exactly where she was to obtain the wherewithal to do this her imagination had not precisely figured out, but is it not always understood that wealth incalculable is stored in every castle in Spain? Why shouldn't she go forth into the great world and live as she had dreamed? Of course, reason and common sense told her that it couldn't last for long, but youth whispered that a day of pleasure was worth a year of drudgery and that she would find joy and happiness on the rainbow road of adventure.

Unfortunately Helen lacked the key to the treasure-room of her castle and as a substitute had only about twenty-five dollars in her little bank—the result of her savings. But twenty-five dollars would permit her to play the game for a day and a night, and after that —well, something would be sure to turn up!

So it was that Helen decided to set out in her quest of adventure. She appeared that evening at the family supper with her hair brushed back in the same old familiar style, and thus quieted the reproaches and fears of the apprehensive Mrs. Burns. The next morn-

ing she departed for her work as usual, but, had her mother been more suspicious and had she investigated things in Helen's room, she would have discovered one difference at least in the customary state of things—the little bank was empty!

After leaving her home Helen went to her place of employment and passed a restless day waiting for the great adventure to begin. She had decided to defer putting her plan into operation until the evening partly because it suited her purpose better and partly because she wanted the assistance of her friends in adorning herself for the glorious occasion. She told them all that she was going to a party that night and she wanted them to help her to arrange things. After work was over they again lent their aid in doing up her hair in the most ultra style and in loaning her various additions to her wearing apparel, with the final result that, as one of them put it, she could pass anywhere as a "perfect lady."

At that magic hour when the tired city throws aside its burden of the cares which infest the day and seeks to find surcease from its worries in an evening of enchantment and pleasing relaxation, Helen went out into the great

world to turn her day-dream into a living reality.

She proceeded boldly to a large and expensive hotel and told the clerk at the office a somewhat improbable story. She had just arrived from the West, she said, where she had been engaged as a movie star with a well-known film concern. Her mother had been detained unfortunately in Chicago by some business but would arrive in a day or two. The reason that she had been compelled to leave her mother and come on to New York in advance was because she had an important engagement with her manager here in the city the next morning. Could she have a room for a day or two until her mother arrived? She would be very glad to pay for it in advance.

Generally it would be impossible for a girl of fifteen to obtain accommodation in a New York hotel of the better sort upon a story of this kind, but in this particular instance the clerk accepted the tale on its face value and assigned her a room.

Her first evening passed off pleasantly enough. A simple meal at a near-by restaurant and a few hours at a moving-picture

show were her only indulgences, and she retired to her room in an ecstatic frame of mind over the success of her venture. The next morning she treated herself to that height of luxury—a breakfast in bed. Why not?—for every lady of wealth always breakfasts in bed according to the novels which Helen had read. Later on she arose and put in a desultory day wandering around the city, taking in the sights and postponing the disagreeable necessity of finding some employment until fate should have some suggestion to offer.

In the late afternoon after her return to the hotel from a matinee where she had found oblivion from unpleasant reflections on her rather perilous situation, she received some serious news—the manager would like to have her call at the office. Helen wasn't quite sure what it meant. Possibly some one was going to offer her a wonderful job and thus enable her to continue her little adventure. Possibly it signified something less pleasant. However, the call had to be obeyed, and with a beating heart and a dull premonition of disaster she went in to face the arbiter of her destiny.

It was not so serious after all. The room

clerk whom she found at the desk was kindness itself and merely told her that under the circumstances it would be better for her to go to some woman's hotel and wait there until her mother arrived; that it was against the rules of the hotel to take in a girl as young as she without a relative and that a mistake had been made in admitting her the night before. He handed her the address of an appropriate stopping-place, and added that her mother could settle the balance of her bill later on.

The amazing thing about his action was that he didn't seem to question the veracity of the girl's story in the slightest and took no steps to investigate her situation or to consult with any organization or authority concerning her care. He seemed to think that his full duty had been discharged by turning her out of her present lodging and referring her to another hotel of the sort maintained exclusively for women.

Helen received his edict with a feeling of disappointment and depression. The process of disillusionment had begun and already her castles were beginning to dissolve into the thin air. Of course, she could continue to play the game for a little while longer in the hope that

something would turn up to stave off the impending crisis. After all, she had a little of her twenty-five dollars left and moving from one hotel to another was not a difficult matter. In any event she decided it would be better to prolong her experiment and give fate the chance to justify itself than to return to her home and her former life of discontent and unhappiness.

As she was about to depart from the hotel one of the bell-boys who had been standing around the office-desk and who apparently had heard some of her conversation with the clerk came up to her and handed her a card. It bore the name of another hostelry, very different in character from the one she had been stopping at or the one to which she had been recommended by the clerk. The bell-boy assured her that she would find it pleasanter in every way than the place which the room-clerk had spoken of.

Helen was delighted with this little attention and instantly decided to follow the youth's suggestion. On her arrival at this establishment, which she found far less imposing than the place which she had just left, she was asked no questions whatever, and was only re-

quired to sign the register and make a small deposit for her lodging. This made a serious hole in the remnant of her funds, and when she retired to her room and took stock of what remained she realized there must soon come a change in her fortunes either for better or for worse.

Poor little Helen! Plays such as yours cannot go on forever, and already inexorable fate is signalling impatiently for the drop of the final curtain. Destiny has no time to lose in amusing itself with day-dreams, and every adventure must soon come to an end. A few more hours and you will learn how transitory and unreal were the pleasures and diversions which you had thought to find.

In default of anything else to do that evening Helen sat herself in the hotel lobby and watched the guests come and go. She had not been there long before a man (the inevitable man!) came up and started to converse with her. He asked if she were not a stranger in the city and if he could be of any service to her. It was pleasant to have some one to talk to after twenty-four hours of loneliness, and Helen found the stranger such an agreeable companion that, when he suggested that she

should accompany him to a show, she accepted his invitation with alacrity.

It was this visit to the theatre, after all, which brought Helen to her senses. Certain things were said and certain things were done which awakened her to a keen sense of her perilous position. Whatever may have been her fondness for amusement and pleasure, she at least had a conscience and a vivid appreciation of the fundamental difference between right and wrong. She flatly declined an invitation from her new-found friend for supper and parted company from him immediately after leaving the theatre. Accosting the first police-officer she could find, she told him that she was without a home and asked where she could find suitable lodging for the night until she could communicate with her relatives. The officer asked her how old she was, and when she told him that she was but fifteen he took her himself to the shelter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The meeting the next morning in the Children's Court between Mrs. Burns and Helen was not altogether cordial or reassuring. Mrs. Burns was not at all sure that she wanted to have Helen come home, and Helen was not at

all sure that she wanted to go there. As it was necessary in any event to make a full investigation of the case and to hold Helen until her story could be checked up and verified, it was quite apparent that a week's separation could do no harm and would give them both a chance to think over the situation calmly and dispassionately.

When Helen came again before me a week later I found both her and her mother in a more conciliatory mood. Mrs. Burns said that she would be willing to forgive Helen, provided that she would give up her nonsense and settle down to hard work, while Helen graciously consented to return home on condition that her mother afforded her a trifle more liberty and amusement. She handed me a little note embodying the terms upon which she would sign a treaty of peace.

DEAR JUDGE:

I want to be a good girl and I am willing to go home with my mother. But I want you to tell her that I can go out to dances and shows once in a while, and that I can go around with my friends more.

Yours truly,

HELEN BURNS.

P. S. I think one dance every week will be enough.

All these terms and conditions only added to the complexity of the situation. What we aimed at was a full reconciliation between Mrs. Burns and her daughter, based upon mutual trust and understanding, not a negotiated compromise or an armistice!

Again I put the case over for a week and used the time in trying to make each one of them see the fairness of the other's point of view.

To Mrs. Burns I pointed out that she had been largely responsible herself in bringing on the crisis and that, in depriving Helen of reasonable liberty and amusements, she had forced her to go outside her home to search for pleasure. I assured her that Helen was a good girl at the bottom, and that if she would handle her with a little more tact and intelligence, she would find her a loving daughter and a staff of comfort.

To Helen I appealed for greater consideration of her mother's wishes and more respect for her judgment. I told her that I was sure that if she would remain at home her mother would give her every liberty consistent with her own best interests. I talked of her moral obligations and responsibilities, saying that I

knew she was no shirker and too fine a character to be swerved from the path of duty by petty irritations and annoyances.

In the end we succeeded in bringing them together, and the broken bond between mother and daughter was welded together again, never, we trust, to be broken in the future.

Into New York and out of New York every twenty-four hours there wend two curious processions moving in opposite directions.

The incoming host includes children from all parts of the country seeking change and adventure. Some come to see the sights of the great city, some to find employment, some to avoid the dull routine and drudgery of unsympathetic homes. They travel by passenger-trains, they beg rides in automobiles and trucks over hundreds of miles of road, they stow themselves away in freight-cars and steamers, and sometimes they walk. There are little nomads who have already tramped half the world's width, and there are boys who have left their sheltered homes for the first time because of some foolish resentment or fancied wrong. There are girls who wish to become actresses and who believe that their mere ar-

rival in New York will suffice to win them a place on the stage or in the films. Some of the children come to find amusement and distraction, while others seriously seek new openings and happier vocations. To all of them the end of the rainbow rests on the streets of New York and there the pot of gold is to be found.

The outgoing throng is, in its way, every bit as queer and extraordinary. Some are prompted to leave the city by a sincere desire to try country life for a change, while others are impelled by a craving for adventure and a spirit of wanderlust which they themselves can scarcely fathom or explain. Big boys and little boys, armed to the teeth with revolvers, bowie-knives, and even toy pistols, laden down with camp impedimenta of a weird kind, and frequently equipped with a few odd sombreros and breeches, strike boldly out for the boundless West, there to hunt buffalo, fight Indians, and mingle in friendship with cowboys. One girl is leaving home at the suggestion of an older friend to tour the country towns with a cheap burlesque show, while another, all unbeknownst to her family, is going off for a little trip with a "gentleman friend" whom she met at a party a few days ago. Sometimes the

girls and boys indulge in romantic dreams and travel in pairs, but happily this does not often happen. All these children are following a will-o'-the-wisp, and it flickers up and down, leading them out from the dull and dreary streets of the city into the boundless country of illusion and heart's desire which lies beyond.

Every twenty-four hours within the confines of the city itself another form of nomadism also manifests itself. Girls and boys leave their homes with no apparent wish to travel far afield, but simply because they seek a change and are restless and unhappy, due either to their own transgressions or to the faults of their parents. Some are actuated by fear, some by resentment, and some by mere love of adventure. This girl has stayed out at a dance too late and fears to face her mother in the early hours of the morning. That boy has played truant from school and fooled around the streets all evening with undesirable companions; no wonder that he is ashamed to return home and prefers to sleep in a vacant hallway. Here are some children who have grown weary of being continually beaten and "hollered at," as they put it; can we blame them for running away from their brutal

parents and seeking some more sympathetic refuge elsewhere?

Most of these little wanderers and fugitives do not get very far in their travels or with their plans. They are picked up in the city and out of the city by the authorities and social workers, and the wires between our "missing persons bureau" and the police departments of other towns are kept hot with messages concerning the "lost and found."

Practically all of them find their way sooner or later into the Children's Court, and there we seek to understand their troubles, fathom their motives, and help to solve their problems. In nine cases out of ten the wisest solution is to return these children to their own homes, to which they usually are glad to go back, repentant of their follies and overjoyed at being forgiven. But in some instances we find that they had more than sufficient cause to leave their unhappy surroundings and to seek refuge in alien places. For such as these new homes must be found and new foundations constructed, so that they may have the chance of living normally, cleanly, and happily.

There is nothing more absorbing and fascinating than to get at the view-point of these

children, to listen to their stories, and to discover the underlying reasons for their actions. By the skill with which we diagnose their maladies, by the treatment we accord them, by the confidence and trust with which we inspire them, it lies with us to mar or mend their future lives. It is a heavy responsibility—but a glorious privilege.

Once upon a time there was a wicked fairy who lived in a palace deep down in the waters and whose name was Fata Morgana. One of her chief amusements was to deceive people and lure them on to destruction by various tricks and devices. The chroniclers would have us believe that she came to an evil end many centuries ago, but some mariners aver that she still lives and sends forth upon the face of the waters a strange mirage to bewitch sailors and lead their ships to disaster. Can it be that Fata Morgana has found an incarnation in the New World and is plying once more a variation of her old vocation by luring children into danger by false dreams and illusions? If so, old Fata Morgana must be exorcised and driven out. And what agency is stronger and better able to destroy her spell than that of

the home? Not the home which is akin to a prison-house, nor even that which merely offers a shelter and provides a refuge, but the good old-fashioned home which binds together each and every member in bonds of loving sympathy and endeavor, which is reverenced as the temple of all they hold most dear, and which stands out in this dreary, disappointing world of ours as the very foundation of decency and civilization itself, the one thing bright.

Sometimes We Smile

SOMETIMES WE SMILE

The Children's Court is a place of strange contrasts. If one case should seem depressing and disheartening, the next in all likelihood will emphasize a brighter side of life, and thus prove more inspiriting and hopeful. Almost every episode with which we deal has its own dramatic moment, and there is scarcely a human emotion which is not touched upon in some way during the course of a day's work.

Those who imagine that the court is steeped in nothing but misery and tears would be somewhat surprised if they should visit it and observe its operations at first hand. They would find it enveloped in an atmosphere of optimism and cheerfulness, and redolent of happiness and successful achievement. They would discover that, while certain elements of sorrow and misfortune cannot be overlooked, the key-note of the court's proceedings is usually pitched in a tone of sunshine and good humor. This is as it should be, for otherwise

our efforts would chill and repel, and our "life-saving station" would become a very gloomy place indeed.

Sometimes we smile and sometimes we weep, but we always try to lay an emphasis on the smile. We seek to encourage the child in every way possible, and in that endeavor we generally find that cheerfulness pays better than grumbling. In fact, it is astonishing to find how many problems can be solved by a bit of laughter in the right place.

Incidentally we manage to extract a little quiet amusement on our own account from some of the situations with which we are confronted. Oftentimes the stories we hear are so odd and the explanations of the children so whimsical that it is difficult to keep a straight face and to conduct our proceedings with due judicial solemnity. Here are a few incidents of this sort, culled at random and offered with no other purpose than to interest and divert the reader.

A pathological liar, as defined by the best authority, is merely a prevaricator who indulges in unnecessary lies. The type is a curious one. His stories are often amusing,

but his motives are hard to fathom because they are wholly disproportionate to the gigantic web of falsehood which he loves to weave.

Among our prize pathological liars the palm perhaps should be awarded to Francisco Pupa. I use the full name which he gave us because that was not his name at all. Francisco was found stranded in New York and was brought into court for his own protection. The story which he told of his experiences was so weird and incredible that in his case I took an unusual step and asked the New York papers to write up his narrative in the hope that it might lead to some clew concerning his identity. For Francisco was such an artist in deceit that we despaired of ever getting rid of him.

This is the acccount of his adventures which appeared the next day in the New York *Tribune:*

Bang! Bang! The sharp report of a revolver rang out on the still midnight air. By the glowing campfire Pupa, the Mexican miner, lay stricken to earth by a dastardly shot from behind. While his fourteen-year-old son, Francisco, knelt beside him, the sound of hurrying hoofs might be heard. Pupa's partner, whose lust for gold had brought murder upon his soul, was riding rapidly away through the chaparral, arroyos and cou-

lees, which abound on every hand about the little mining town of Golden, California, where the scene of our story takes place.

One of the dying miner's toil-worn hands grasped his son; the other fumbled in the bosom of his red shirt, made a deeper crimson by the ebbing of his life's blood.

"Francisco," he gasped, "I am dying, far, far from home, but you, my noble son, are heir to a fortune. Take this amulet to Clarence J. Brown, the well-known banker of New York City. Tell him that Pupa, the Mexican miner sent it, and he will give you $20,000!"

He pressed into his son's hand a small bone, covered with mysterious etchings. A few minutes later his last breath sounded. Pupa, the Mexican miner of Golden, Cal., was dead, and his son set forth resolutely upon his quest. Such is the brave, free life of the boundless West!

The Assistant Superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House lay awake most of last night after hearing the above story from the lips of none other than Francisco Pupa himself, who reached the lodging house Thursday evening, after a trip, according to his tale, through Denver, Chicago and Hoboken.

For Francisco, the valiant son of the Mexican miner, had tramped all the way to New York, bringing the bone amulet, worth $20,000, with him. Sure he had, he said so himself! All that he needed now was to find Clarence J. Brown, the well-known banker, and then, back once more to the careless daredevil life of the mining camps.

Perhaps it was the fact that sleep was slow in coming which aroused suspicion in the breast of the Assistant Superintendent. At any rate, he awoke from a wild dream of Mexican miners, scratched bones and

fabulous wealth, in an acrid and suspicious frame of mind.

Seizing upon Francisco, son of the bold Mexican miner and heir presumptive to a fortune, he dragged him to the Children's Court. Under the gleaming eye of Justice Hoyt, the wild son of the prairies quailed perceptibly. Beneath his searching questions, the story of Pupa, the Mexican Miner, dwindled and faded away.

Instead of being murdered in a mining camp, it developed that the lad's father had died peacefully in Boston. Francisco had then turned vagabond and had wandered around for several weeks, before coming to New York.

"But what about this bone?" Justice Hoyt inquired, holding up the precious amulet.

"Well, I found that in the woods one day," Francisco admitted.

The boy was then turned over to the Children's Society for further examination. As he started to leave the courtroom he hesitated and asked: "Can I have my bone back?"

"Is it important?" the justice asked.

"Oh, you can have it, if you really want it, Judge," Francisco replied liberally.

The justice disclaimed any desire to obtain $20,000 by such means and returned the amulet. Francisco, the fearless son of the West, was then led ignominiously away to the Children's Society.

So much for the newspaper story of my first day's interview with Francisco. But when he next came before me his sojourn in the Children's Society had rested his wearied brain

and refreshed his jaded spirit, so that his imagination, in a fine frenzy rolling, was prepared once more to soar to heights empyrean.

He proceeded to describe his boyhood days in Boston.

Evidently through some mischance he had never gotten in touch with its well-known literary and educational facilities, for he had spent most of his life cruising around its wild and partially unexplored harbor with his beloved parent, now known as Pupa the pilot. Finally, one fearful night, while a storm raged and icebergs floated about promiscuously, a vicious transatlantic liner cut their small craft in twain, and the beloved parent sank to his eternal rest in the cruel waters of Boston Harbor. Why the beloved parent sank so rapidly and why Francisco remained lightly floating on the surface will never be explained, but in any event he was rescued and brought to the home of one of the aborigines of Massachusetts. They were, however, a heartless and unsympathetic people, to a youth of Francisco's sensitive nature, so he finally decided to leave their cold firesides and to plunge out for himself into the great world which lay beyond.

I shall not harrow the reader's nerves with a recital of the hardships which Francisco endured in his solitary marches through the trackless forests which lie between Boston and New York, but, according to his account, they were thrilling and fearful beyond description.

"Didn't you pass through a single little town in the woods?" I inquired in a sympathetic tone.

"Yes," he said without enthusiasm, "Buffalo and Pittsburgh, but I didn't stay there long!"

It was then that I acted on a tip which had been given me by one of the court officials.

"Francisco, take off your coat and let me see the label on the collar."

On such small things does our fate often depend! Francisco, whose name was not Francisco, handed me the coat and I read the name of the maker—of Wilmington and Philadelphia.

"Where did you get that garment?" I sternly asked.

"Oh! the coat? I found that on the banks of the Delaware in the forest."

It was through the label after all that we

traced the boy and found that he had lived a quiet life in the City of Brotherly Love. I am glad to say that the beloved parent, who came to New York in rather an irate mood, but in perfect health, to claim his erring son, vigorously insisted that his double deaths in Golden, California, and in the waters of Boston Harbor, had been enormously exaggerated.

Young Tommy L. believed in preparedness. After he had been placed on probation, he foresaw that while the spirit was willing the flesh might prove to be weak. So he ingeniously laid his plans to protect himself in case of possible failure.

For a time all went well, but after a month or two his efforts began to lag and we received a complaint from his school that Tommy's studiousness, effort, and conduct were becoming steadily worse.

This led our probation officer to pay a visit to his mother and to talk to her about Tommy's shortcomings.

"Why do you suppose he is getting such bad marks in everything?" the probation officer sadly inquired of her.

"Bad marks, is it?" the proud mother ex-

claimed indignantly. "Sure, he is getting the best marks possible!"

"I'm sorry to tell you that you're mistaken," the officer replied. "He gets nothing but C's and D's."

"Why, how could he do better?" she retorted triumphantly. "When Tommy was put on probation he told me all about those marks. He said that A would stand for 'awful,' B for 'bad,' C for 'corking,' and D for 'dandy,' and he's been getting nothing but C's and D's for everything!" *

Apparently only a few in this unintelligent world of ours were able to grasp and comprehend the real meaning of the armistice. It remained for a colored gentleman who figured in one of our improper-guardianship cases to explain its true significance and spirit.

This individual had apparently cast off all his marital ties shortly after the immemorial 11th of November, 1918.

"Aren't you a married man?" asked the judge.

"I was, but I hain't," was the ambiguous reply.

* This incident occurred a number of years ago and was told by me to a reporter, who published it in his paper. After that, in a garbled form, it went the rounds of various periodicals and magazines and even made its appearance in theatre programmes.

"How long have you been separated from your wife?" the judge inquired.

"Eber since de armistice, yuh honnah," he answered.

"But what had the armistice to do with it?" exclaimed the judge in wonder.

"W'y, a whole lot, may et please de court. W'en dey declared dat dere armistice, dey declared peace unto all mankind! W'at was de use of et all ef dey didn't declare pursonal peace fer me at de same time?"

After Tony and Joe had stolen a tempting-looking box off an express-wagon, their first thought was for a plausible explanation of their conduct in case any awkward questions should be put to them.

Suddenly Tony had a brilliant inspiration. "Say, it's a cinch," he chuckled as he looked at the package. "If any guy tries to pinch us, we'll just tell him we're working for Mr. I. Gross!"

Having settled on this somewhat mysterious plan to ward off possible suspicion, they proceeded to open their ill-gotten acquisition and were sorely disappointed to find that it contained nothing but nail-brushes.

Now, nail-brushes were about the last thing on earth to appeal to Tony and Joe. They gazed upon the contents of the box in utter dejection.

"Hully gee, what do you think of that?" Tony tried to stifle something like a sob as he reflected on his waste of energy and misdirected effort.

"We might try to sell 'em," observed Joe placidly, "and then we might get some money for candy and movies."

It was obviously the only plan to follow if any real benefit was to be derived from their theft. So, nothing daunted, the two youngsters proceeded to peddle the despised brushes on the street at three for a dime.

As was to be expected their activities in a very short time aroused the suspicions of the police-officer on the post.

"Where did you get those brushes?" he sternly inquired.

Joe looked anxiously at Tony. Tony smiled back confidently at Joe.

"Why, we're working for Mr. I. Gross," Tony answered with complacency. "Come here and I'll show you."

The officer walked with the two boys toward

the box. "See, there's his name," and Tony pointed to the empty receptacle.

The officer looked down and saw written in large letters across the box the inscription "1 gross."

A truly resourceful woman was Mrs. Mahoney-Schmidt. When the case of the six Schmidt children was called in court I was rather surprised to see the representatives of both the Catholic and Protestant organizations come forward in a body and advance toward the bench. It was easy to guess that some complications had arisen in connection with Mrs. Schmidt's religious affiliations!

The explanation was not long in coming. Mrs. Schmidt's habits in caring for her children and running her household had given cause for complaint and an investigation had disclosed among other things the duality of her religious life.

It appeared that the lady's first husband was by name Mahoney and that three of the children had been born during that marriage. After Mahoney's decease she had conferred her affections upon a gentleman who answered to the name of Schmidt, and three more children

had blessed this latter union. During Schmidt's existence she had followed his religion, but after his death she evidently had decided that it would be greatly to her profit to capitalize the religious faiths of both her former husbands. So the six children became Mahoneys in a Catholic parish and Schmidts in a Protestant one. The good priest gave them alms as Mahoneys and the Protestant pastor paid the Schmidts' rent. As six little Mahoneys they all attended early mass, and as six little Schmidts the eleven o'clock Protestant service. The Catholic societies in their parish befriended the Mahoneys and the Protestant societies in theirs aided the Schmidts.

Possibly it would be wise to leave wholly to the reader's imagination the comments which were made by the representatives of these religious organizations, on this occasion, concerning the orthodoxy of Mrs. Mahoney-Schmidt!

Here is a letter which I received a short time ago and which explains itself:

DERE JUGE

i am very wel and i hope you are the same. i am getting along fine in my nu scool and i am going to do

fine on probishun. i dont get very gud marks for arifmetick and reding but i am gud in speling. i get won houndred per sent for that.

Yurs truly—

____ ____

I shudder to think of what his "arifmetick" and "reding" must have been in comparison!

Here is another strange example of "English as she is wrote." It is a letter of recommendation from a boy's employer and it took us some time to puzzle it out. Perhaps the reader can grasp it more quickly.

D—— & CO.
PLUMBERS, —— FIRST AVENUE.

Benn Hazel ees been worcken bay me and e wos a anes boy.

D ——.

Reductio ad absurdum is often the best way to put over some homely truth or to clear up a perplexing situation. A child's mind is exceedingly quick to respond to a sense of the ridiculous and a little extravagance in that direction will often do more to gain a child's understanding than the most lucid of legal explanations.

A group of boys were brought before me recently charged with entering into a vacant

house and stripping it of some of its materials. There was no question about their act, for the boys all admitted it. The only point at issue was whether the house was being demolished at the time and whether its contents had any substantial value.

"Don't you think, judge," said one of the boys, "that if they wanted to keep any of the stuff in the house, they ought to have put up some signs? We thought it was all going to be thrown away."

"I can't quite agree to that," I replied. "The owner says he expected to move the house and that its contents were of very real value to him."

"I don't see how we were to know," retorted the boy. "We didn't suppose anybody wanted those things. If they had only put up some signs, we wouldn't have gone in."

"In the first place," I explained, "you knew that the things didn't belong to you and that you had no right to take them unless you had obtained permission from the proper authority. You didn't need any signs to tell you that. In the second place, I don't think that signs are necessary to warn people from committing certain offenses.

"What do you suppose we should all have to do if it were necessary to put up signs in order to prevent crime? Every night I would have to hang a large placard out of my window saying: 'Please, Mr. Burglar, I am going to bed and I don't want you to come in and disturb me to-night.' During the day I would go around with a variety of signs plastered all over me. 'This is my watch, leave it alone.' 'I keep my purse in this pocket, please don't take it.' 'Kindly avoid punching me, I don't like it'; and many more of the same sort. Do you think that would help?"

The boys all laughed and their spokesman admitted the impracticability of the plan.

"I think I understand, judge," he said. "We were dead wrong, and I can promise you we'll never do it again."

Selling newspapers in the subway is an offense with which we have to deal continually and which it is hard to make the boys appreciate and understand. From their point of view there is nothing morally wrong about it and they often claim the right to dispose of their stock on its steps and platforms in the same way as they do on the streets.

In answer to their arguments I strive to

picture what would be the condition of the subway if pedlers of all kinds were permitted to invade it: the platforms piled up with groceries and vegetables of various sorts; the spaces around the ticket-booths filled with a crowd of hucksters trying to dispose of their goods; the stairs blocked by push-carts ascending and descending. And then I try to visualize for their benefit how the thousands of passengers would fare under such conditions in trying to reach their trains at some particular station: charging one push-cart after another as they rushed down the steps, caught in a maelstorm as they sought to buy their tickets, and then meeting their final fate as they fell into a pile of cabbage or squash on the platform!

The boys usually respond with a hearty laugh and promise to refrain from complicating any further our difficult problem of rapid transit.

The trouble with Charlie was that he disliked school. Except for that particular aversion he did fairly well while on probation, but his predilection for truancy kept his probation officer continually on the jump.

After one of Charlie's serious outbreaks the probation officer started out on the war-path and discovered his recalcitrant charge calmly amusing himself on the street during school hours.

"What do you mean by playing 'hooky'?" the officer asked in a wrathful tone. "What possible excuse have you?"

"Sickness!" was the laconic answer.

"Oh, come now," exclaimed our official, "you're not sick, I know that!"

"No, I ain't sick," agreed Charlie complacently, with the air of enjoying a delectable secret.

"Well, if you're not, who is?" impatiently demanded the probation officer.

"Why, the 'hooky' cop, of course," retorted Charlie, with a smile.

For some years there has been a controversy as to whether the judge in a children's court should or should not wear a robe. Some maintain that it is entirely out of place in an informal court which seeks to get away from all the pomp and circumstance of the law. Others argue that it is a necessary aid in impressing the child and its parents with a sense of the

dignity of the court and with a whclesome respect for its decisions.

In the Children's Court of New York we follow a plan which happily combines both points of view and seems to fit the need of every occasion. On the day when the judge hears the new cases as they come in, he sits in a courtroom especially designed for this purpose and always wears a robe. After the cases have been sifted out, the subsequent hearings are conducted in a smaller room, where all formality is laid aside and the judge, sitting before a table without his robe, meets the child, its parents, the probation officers, and others directly interested in a quiet, friendly conference. This plan has been described at some length in the annual reports of our court. It is only referred to at this point to explain the following incident, which, by the way, furnishes a valuable indication of the reaction which a robe produces upon the mind of a child.

When Teddy was arraigned before me for a new offense, I remarked to him that this was the third time he had been before me.

"Oh, no, judge," he protested, "this is only the second time."

"Don't you remember, Teddy," I reminded

him, "that you came before me for shooting craps and that I let you go after a warning?"

"Sure, I do. That was the other time."

"But I saw you once again on an entirely different occasion," I added. "You were arrested for throwing stones, and Judge C. put you on probation. Some time later I heard the final report in your case and discharged you from your probation because you had done so well. Don't you remember that?"

"Sure I do," he again replied. "But I didn't count that. You didn't have nothin' on when I came before you that day!"

Possibly the following incident is entirely out of place in a chapter which deals with the lighter side of our work. Nevertheless, it caused us to smile, though in rather a grim and quizzical fashion.

A mother complained of her nine-year-old son, who undoubtedly had been misbehaving himself.

"Judge," she said, "his father and I have done everything we could. We keep him in all day Sunday reading tracts to him and then use the strap, but it does not seem to make him any better!"

Jimmy Jones insisted that he came from Texas. He had been arrested in New York for interfering with some property which did not belong to him, but we were willing to give Jimmy another chance provided we could find that he had a good home to which he could be returned.

He told us countless stories of his experiences on the ranch where he had been born and bred, not far from a certain town in the western part of the Lone Star State. His father, according to his statement, was a well-known character in that section and besides having left Jimmy a considerable estate was the sole proprietor of a brand of record known as bar—N—bar ($\overline{\underline{N}}$).

It was his reference to this peculiar brand which led us, one and all, to accept the boy's story as the gospel truth. It seemed so convincing to novices like us who knew but little of the Western plains. Accordingly, we entered into correspondence with various Texas officials in the hope of regaining for Jimmy his lost inheritance and his residuary right in the brand of his forefathers.

For a while our efforts were in vain. The cold-hearted Texans denied all knowledge of

the late Peter Jones or the famous N. Finally a learned judge of the particular county in which Jimmy claimed to have lived sent us a letter in which he gave us some valuable and practical advice.

"I am enclosing you some test questions," he wrote. "Put them to the boy. If he can answer them it will show that he once lived here and then it will be up to us to find out who he is and where he can be sent. If he fails it will show that he does not belong to this part of Texas."

These were the judge's proposed questions:

1. Who gives the B. J. brand in this county?
2. Do the street cars that run across the bridge here use mule or electric power?
3. What business is the Fortuno Family in?
4. What is the "Devil's Elbow?"
5. What does old man Rossman do?

To which [according to the judge's statement] the correct answers should be:

1. The B. J. brand is given by the Rio Cattle Company. It is owned by the B. family of New York. They own 100,000 acres of land. It is all south of the town along the river.
2. Catch question! There are no street cars here of any kind and never have been any.
3. The Fortuno family are in a little of everything.

They have a dry-goods store, a separate grocery store, and one member runs an automobile agency.

4. A bend in the river near the town is known as "Devil's Elbow."

5. Old man Rossman does nothing at all!

When these questions were handed to Jimmy by the probation officer, he made a feeble effort to answer them before giving up. The B. J. brand and the Fortuno family must have become prominent after his departure, he said, for he had never heard of them. The "Devil's Elbow," he thought, was the nickname of a notorious highwayman who was hung for holding up stage-coaches. The query as to the cars over the bridge was very simple. One could always get a transfer for the electric cars over the bridge at Fourth Street! But old man Rossman—old man Rossman—what was he? A cow-puncher, Jimmy thought, but he wasn't sure. As he kept thinking over the matter, he suddenly jumped up and handed the questionnaire back to the probation officer. "I guess I might as well tell you I was never in Texas at all. I come from New Jersey, and I'd like to get home as soon as you'll let me go."

A subsequent investigation disclosed the

fact that Jimmy at last had told the truth and that his home was not far from New York. In fact, Paterson, N. J., was about the farthest western point which he had ever touched in all his travels. It appeared that he had wandered over to New York a day or two before his arrest and had fallen in with some older lads, one of whom undoubtedly had been in Texas. It was he who had crammed Jimmy's head full of ranches, cow-punchers, and the well-known brand of N̲. Jimmy finally returned to his home with no further desire to indulge in cattle-branding on the plains of the Lone Star State.

"Sore Let and Hindered"

"Well, they're my children, ain't they? I've got the right to treat them the way I want to, and I won't stand having any one else interfering and telling me how to handle them!"

The speaker belonged to that type with which, unfortunately, we are only too familiar in the Children's Court—the brutal, ignorant, and resentful parent who imagines that he has an absolute legal and moral right to maltreat his own offspring, and that there is no authority which can step in to protect them and stay his hand.

In this particular case a complaint had been made that four little children were being abused and neglected, and that both their father and mother were utterly unfit to act as their guardians. It was proved at the trial beyond the question of a doubt that their so-called home was nothing but a den of filth and misery, that the children were frequently beaten and generally starved, and that their

parents were of the most depraved habits. Yet their father had the audacity to assert, in spite of all, that he could do as he liked with his own offspring and that no one had a right to interfere with him; that they belonged exclusively to him and that he could treat them like so many little animals if he desired; that he could expose them to every possible danger, and that what became of them was nobody else's concern.

It is unnecessary to repeat all that was said to this individual by the court on that occasion, but, as one may imagine, it was most emphatic and very much to the point. The children, it may be added, were finally rescued from their miserable surroundings and placed in a new home where for the first time in their lives they came to know what physical well-being, sympathetic protection, and loving-kindness really meant.

In the course of each year the Children's Court of New York City receives from five to seven thousand cases of neglected children. Some are brought in because of actual criminal maltreatment by one or both of their parents, some because of the lack of proper supervision and care, and some because of certain

economic and social conditions which their parents are unable to combat or overcome. For such conditions the community itself has a grave responsibility, and when the parents acknowledge their faults and utter the penitential confession of the ages, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done," society too must cry *peccavi.*

The positive offenses committed by parents against their children are many in number, and generally vile in character. It is almost impossible to conceive of a father or mother deliberately maiming a child or abandoning it to perish unless providentially rescued by strangers, yet such things frequently happen. It is utterly incredible that a mother should force her daughter to adopt an immoral life or that a father should ruin his own child, yet such crimes are often committed. It is revolting to hear of parents taking their children out to steal or pocketing the proceeds of thefts committed by their own offspring, yet such acts are of ordinary occurrence. These, alas, are only a few of the many kinds of offenses perpetrated by the parents who appear before the

court in cases of improper guardianship. Every day we receive complaints of families who are living in filthy and horrible homes, of children who have been denied food and decent covering for their frail little bodies, of parents who prefer to indulge in drunkenness, immorality, or other vices rather than to care for and watch over their own offspring. And so the list might be continued indefinitely.

Their sins of omission are also many and in some ways just as disheartening. Indeed, when their offenses are of a negative character and less directly criminal, it is often harder to find a satisfactory solution for the problems involved, or to enforce a remedy by appropriate action. Neglect and laches are always more difficult to handle than positive acts even of the most vicious type, for the latter offenses usually solve themselves by leaving no alternative save drastic action. Then again, evasion of one's parental obligation is a tendency which it is not easy to correct and which in the long run may have a more disastrous effect upon a child's future than a positive injury of a baser sort. Failure to supervise children properly or to protect them from vicious companions and evil temptations; neglect of their edu-

cation, or their early removal from school in order to put them to work; omission to provide adequate medical treatment or hospital care in cases of serious illness and physical injuries; permitting them to peddle or to stay out till all hours of the night selling newspapers; utilizing them for other forms of commercial profit; absence of harmony in the home and utter lack of understanding and common sense in their training and development; these are a few of the more or less negative offenses with which the Children's Court has to deal, and which threaten the future welfare of the children of our community. Some of these acts are committed with open eyes and deliberate purpose, but the great majority occur through the ignorance of the parents and their sheer inability to appreciate the seriousness of their own duties and responsibilities.

If every child were as canny as little Gwendolyn J——, and as alive to its own condition of improper guardianship, the work of the authorities in collecting the necessary evidence to lay before the court in cases of this kind would be reduced to a minimum. It seems that Gwendolyn had heard that when little girls were ill-treated they were usually taken to a

court for protection, so she decided to seize time by the forelock and prepare for the day when the law might call her guardians to account. To this end she kept a diary in which she recorded daily a brief statement of her sufferings and tribulations. In it she had very little to say against her own father, but a great deal by way of indictment against her stepmother.

Her diary lies before me as I write. It consists of about fifteen pages of closely written matter, many of the entries resembling one another, particularly those in respect to her food or rather the lack of it. In part it is quite graphic and suggests more than once, in its directness and vigor, the observations of a certain Mr. Pepys. A few excerpts will indicate its general character:

Breakfast: Oatmeal with no milk and no sugar, tea with no milk and no sugar, bread with no butter. Lunch the same. Supper the same.

To-day after breakfast I sewed, washed the dishes and cleaned the rooms. Then to school. After supper I sewed, scrubbed the kitchen and ironed the wash. To bed after ten.

No time for my lessons to-day. To bed late and nothing to eat.

To-night I only got some cold oatmeal but the old

cat [meaning her stepmother] had soup, tenderloin, cake and milk.

She says she can put me away if she wants to. I wonder if she can?

She tells my father lies about me and makes him do anything she wants to.

She took me by the hair today and wiped up the floor with me. She is always smacking me.

Today she let up on me for once, but she made up for it by taking it out of my little sister.

Oh the beautiful names she called me as she kicked me and threw me on the floor.

She said the stuff she gave me was tea, but it was more like dirty soapy water.

As a matter of fact Gwendolyn's diary did not inspire us at first with absolute confidence because of its obvious precociousness and its possible bias, but our investigation showed that the home was indeed an unfit one, and in the end Gwendolyn was placed under different guardianship, much to her joy and satisfaction.

It would be impossible in a single chapter such as this to give concrete examples of all the various types of offenses committed by parents against their children. To do so would require the writing of many chapters, and in the end would probably prove a mere work of supererogation. Furthermore, a

large number of these transgressions are so disheartening and so abhorrent that it is wiser to leave them to the imagination of the reader. A few, however, can be given, picked out more or less at random from our records and here presented simply to illustrate certain phases of misconduct with which we are often confronted in dealing with the problems of the neglected child.

One late afternoon, as the shops were closing their doors, and the shadows of the evening were beginning to darken, two little boys were seen wandering hand in hand near the entrance of a large department store. Their tear-stained cheeks and their forlorn appearance attracted the attention of several passers-by who called for the assistance of a police-officer. To his inquiries the elder of the two, who was only five, managed to blurt out amid his sobs that he guessed he was "losted," that his mother had brought him and his little brother to that spot earlier in the day and told them to remain there until some one should come to take care of them, that his name was Dick and his brother's name was Jim, but that he didn't know where he lived or what his parents' names were. The officer then proceeded

to examine their clothes to see if he could discover any clew to their identity, and on opening Dick's coat found a note pinned to the lining. It read in part as follows:

To the Finder.

As at the present time I am down to my last cent, and as work in New York is at a stand still, I must go elsewhere. Therefore my babies must have a place while I am on the hunt. Although it is painful for me to do this, there is no other way out of it. God knows it is better to put them some place where they can get food and rest instead of doing a crime.

Hoping the reader will be kind enough to print their whereabouts in the paper, I remain,

Father and Mother.

The publication of the story in the newspapers the next morning aroused wide-spread interest. The public comment, while condemning these parents for the sensational way in which they had thrust the burden of their domestic problems upon the community, evinced a certain sympathy for them in their struggles and difficulties.

When the two boys were brought in before me at court the day after they were found, there was still no trace of their parents, and little Dick could not tell me anything more

concerning his identity than he had already imparted to the officer. Consequently I turned the matter over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and requested its officials to make the most careful and searching investigation into all the circumstances of the case.

A few days later the society was ready to report, and this is what its officials had discovered. The parents of the children were living in a fairly comfortable home, and the father was working steadily at a good trade. There was no poverty or destitution whatever. The mother had simply grown tired of looking after her two boys. It interfered somewhat with her own recreations and pleasures! It was she who had written the letter and who had abandoned the boys on the street. There were several other children in the family and it transpired that their mother had attempted to get rid of one of these in a somewhat similar fashion only the year before. The father in each instance had acquiesced in and consented to the plan of his wife for ridding their household of these undesirable burdens. The note which she had pinned to Dick's coat contained no word of truth. It was simply a lie, a foul

and sickening lie, and the act which she and her husband had committed was proved to be an infamous crime without palliation or the shadow of an excuse.

Criminal prosecution was at once instituted against both these parents with the result that they were convicted and sentenced to long terms in State's prison. As to Dickie and Jim, they were found new homes, where they are being watched over kindly and wisely, and from which they will not be turned out to get "losted" on the streets.

Another case of abandonment which came before me and which stands out from thousands of others because of its peculiarly happy ending was that of a small boy of the age of three who was found one night on the steps of a large church. The only possible clew to his identity was a name written on a piece of tape which was sewed to his overcoat. He was a charming, attractive child and bubbling over with laughter and good-nature. It seemed incredible that any parent would have parted with him willingly, but the fact remained that some one to whom he belonged had left him in the street, though God alone knows why. For weeks and months an intensive search was

made for his parents, or for some of his kindred, but without avail. Finally, as no one came forward to claim him and as the hope of finding any relative was entirely abandoned, I sent him to a small home where young children were received and well cared for. After he had been there for a short time, his winning ways and happy smile attracted the attention of a good woman who lived in the vicinity, and who was deeply interested in the welfare of the institution to which he had been sent. As she grew to know him, she grew to love him, and in the end she took him for her own. By adopting him as her son she gave him something infinitely more precious than a local habitation and a name, and, if his health is spared, there lies before him a life of intense usefulness, of fruitful service, and of happiness in abundance.

Not all cases of abandonment are as positive and as crass as those just referred to. Frequently children are left in their own homes and deserted temporarily by one or both of their parents. This father may forsake his family because of utter discouragement and because he thinks he can do better in another part of the country. That mother may leave

her little ones for a time because she is weary of the monotony of her life and because she seeks distraction in illicit pleasure. Then again there are other offenses which might well fall under the head of abandonment, although the law does not give them that name. Getting rid of a child because of some prejudice or for the purpose of lightening the household burden is, in the last analysis, nothing more or less than a form of abandonment, even though it is accomplished through legal means.

Some years ago a rumor was circulated in certain sections of the city to the effect that all one had to do to have a child placed in an institution free of every expense until it became old enough to go to work was to take such child to the Children's Court and swear that it was disorderly or unmanageable. The judge would do the rest! Especially was there excitement in those foreign colonies where the words "institution" and "college" had more or less the same meaning. Several parents who had taken their children to the court, and gained their commitment through the most barefaced of lies, returned to their neighbors with the happy information that the judge had graciously consented to send their offspring to

college free of cost. Suddenly an avalanche descended upon the court. One would have thought that the entire juvenile population in those quarters of town had all at once become devils incarnate. The craze of these parents for the commitment of their children was finally put to an end when the legislature passed an act permitting an order to be made requiring the parent to pay for the cost of maintaining a child during the period of its stay in an institution. As soon as it became known that it would be expensive to send one's child away, the desire to get rid of it diminished accordingly. It may be added that under our present system of investigation and probation such a situation would, of course, be inconceivable, and that it would be impossible to-day for a parent to obtain the commitment of a child on his unverified statement alone.

One of these particular cases was rather amusing because of the guilelessness of the father. He brought his son Salvatore to court on the charge that he was a disorderly child, but in reality, as he confessed to me after a few questions, because he wanted him to join the orchestra of a certain institution which he had heard was a very good one. Salvatore's only

disorder, as far as I could ascertain, was predicated on his constant and rather violent practice on the violin.

As an example of the effort to get rid of a child with the help of the law because of prejudice and the desire to cast off an inconvenient burden, the case of Jimmie L—— might be selected. It is also a good illustration of the obliquity of vision evinced by certain parents and of the difficulties which are encountered in seeking to enforce upon them the performance of their duties and the acceptance of their responsibilities.

Jimmie, aged eleven, was led into the court by his father, and arraigned on the old familiar charge that he was a disorderly and ungovernable child. According to his parent, he played truant from school, beat and abused his younger brothers and sisters, and stole everything he could lay his hands on. I would have taken a great deal more stock in all his father wanted to tell me had it not been for Jimmie himself. He was one of those youngsters you simply couldn't get angry at. Freckles all over his face and stubby nose, two clear blue eyes without the shadow of deceit, and a grin which simply wouldn't come off, marked

him as a healthy, normal, and attractive boy.

After listening to his father for some time I turned to Jim and asked him whether he had done all the things with which he was charged. He looked me straight in the eye, smiled a little, and admitted cheerfully that at times he had been mighty bad. "I played hooky once," he said, "and I smacked my little brother too. I took some things to eat in the kitchen, and pinched some money from my mother to treat the fellers to candy and soda-water."

At the end of the hearing I asked his father to take him home pending our investigation, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"My wife would turn me out of the house if I brought him back," he said.

A week later, when the case again came before me, our investigation had been completed, and it showed that while Jim had been fairly mischievous and had at times taken things at home which did not belong to him, though never outside, he was on the whole a pretty decent sort of a boy, and one who under the proper management could be easily controlled and developed. The entire trouble was with

his stepmother, who seemed determined to get rid of him because, as she put it, she had enough to do to look after her own children. The father, it appeared, was very weak and sided with his wife simply to avoid domestic strife.

On this occasion I pleaded with the father to take Jim home and give the boy a chance under the court's supervision, but he again refused. The case was continued for several weeks more in the hope of making him change his mind, but with no result. The stepmother was called to the stand, but it only brought forth new recitals of Jim's alleged delinquencies. In reply to one of my repeated requests to take the boy home and make a fresh start his father said:

"If I took the boy back I'd break up my home. It's either my wife or my boy. I like Jim, but don't send him home. It's no use, no use."

I told the father that if the boy were sent elsewhere he would have to pay in full for his support. To that the father assented, and said he'd pay anything he could afford in order to have peace.

By this time I had reached the conclusion that it would be the rankest kind of injustice

to Jim himself to send him back to such a home. Already some of the organizations connected with the court had taken a great interest in the case, and I had received some excellent propositions for his adoption. In the end one of these was accepted and I still receive reports from time to time of the splendid progress and excellent conduct of Jim in his new home. He is intensely happy and is no longer regarded as a detriment and a burden.

It is a pity that there is no real way to punish parents of this sort. Of course, they could always be forced to take back a child, but the final result would usually end in disaster. The only sensible thing to do under such circumstances is to find the child a happier home and make his parents pay for his support, leaving the measure of their punishment to their future remorse and the wise dispensations of a Higher Power.

Teaching children to steal is another offense which is met with more often than one would suppose. It is encountered in various guises and forms, one of the most familiar occurring in connection with shoplifting. Within a single week recently over a dozen such cases

were brought to the court. In one instance a mother had made use of her two daughters—splendid girls and both at that time in high school—with the result that all three were caught red-handed in possession of the stolen goods. In another case a father took with him to the store which he had planned to rob, his little daughter of the age of thirteen, and his young son of the age of eleven. He made the girl carry a bag in which he kept placing the articles which he stole from one counter after another, and at the same time used the boy as a shield to hide the work of his hands just as a skilled pickpocket often uses an accomplice for the same purpose.

In appropriating the proceeds of thefts committed by children, some parents have also much to answer for. Usually these offenses take the simple form of accepting, without asking any awkward questions, the pilferings which a child may bring home as the result of some petit larceny or of a raid on fruit-stands or market-wagons in the neighborhood. Indeed, parents occasionally seem to think that they have a prescriptive right to such emoluments. A colored woman whose son had been arrested for stealing forty-one cents, in an-

swer to my inquiry as to what she had to say in behalf of her erring child, replied:

"He certainly am a bad boy, jedge! Just to think of him gettin' 'way with forty-one cents and never givin' a penny of it to his poor old mammy!"

Sometimes, however, the offense is more premeditated. Sammie T—— was employed in a furrier's establishment, and, after he had been working there for several months, was arrested for stealing a skin. As the firm had lost thousands of dollars' worth of fur during that time, suspicion was instantly directed toward Sammie and a warrant was obtained for the search of his home. There a large amount of the stolen property was found. At first Sammie said that he had taken all this property without the knowledge of any one else, but, when it was pointed out to him that his father must have known of the existence of the property in the house, he told another tale. This new story was quite involved, but its substance was that he had stolen certain pieces at various times from his employers and had brought them to his father, who was also in the furrier business, saying that his employers wished his father to sell these articles

for them on commission; that his father had already sold a number of pieces in this way and had turned over the proceeds to him for return to his employers, but that in each instance he had either spent or lost the money. His father under examination told substantially the same story, and said that he thought all the property found in the house, as well as the pieces which he had already sold, had been actually sent to him by its owners to sell on commission. The whole story was so palpably false and unbelievable that I referred the matter to the district attorney, with the result that the man was arrested and held by the magistrate. The grand jury, in the end, however, refused to indict him, on the ground that he might really have been deceived by his son, although the man for some months had been receiving and selling thousands of dollars' worth of property without once communicating with its owners or returning to them directly any of the moneys he had derived from such sales!

Never a day passes in the Children's Court that we do not receive a number of cases involving children who have been sent out by their parents to peddle, to sell papers after

hours, or to beg. Very often such faults are committed through ignorance, and an explanation and a warning are all that is necessary to prevent a repetition of the offense. Begging, however, is generally apt to be a serious matter and sometimes its execution is carefully planned.

When little Joe was arraigned in court for begging on the stairs of a subway station, the railroad official who had made the arrest looked at him very doubtfully and shook his head. "I'm afraid, judge," he exclaimed, "there must be some mistake. The boy whom I arrested was in rags and had only one leg."

The man's suspicions as to the identity of the boy seemed to be well-founded. As he appeared in court, Joe was immaculately dressed and apparently had two good legs to stand on. The development of the case, however, showed why the official had been surprised. Joe in reality had but one leg, but he possessed two substitutes for the limb which he had lost: one an excellent artificial leg of the best make and the other an old wooden stump of the crudest sort. It was his mother's practice, after Joe came home from school, to take off his good clothes and detach his arti-

ficial limb. Then she would dress him in some old dirty rags, kept for this very purpose, tie on the old stump, and send him out to beg in the subways and on the streets. The same thing was also done in the evening. There was no poverty or need of any kind in the home. The only reason for the mother's action was to gain some money for pleasures and luxuries at the expense of Joe's health and moral welfare. When we finished with the case in the Children's Court I am glad to say there was literally nothing left of the rags and the old wooden stump.

The impression must not be gained from these various incidents that all the parents with whom we have to deal are either cruel, unnatural, or ignorant. Far from it, for many of them, even a majority it is safe to say, are surprisingly fine and decent. Their devotion to their children is inspiring and their understanding and intelligent co-operation are all that can be expected. Even in some cases of alleged improper guardianship, there is no fault to be found with the parents themselves, and the complaint is often forced by circumstances over which they have no possible control.

In writing of the neglected child, however, it is but natural to consider primarily the effect upon its welfare of the sins of omission or commission committed by certain types of parents. Faults of this nature can be catalogued and analyzed with some degree of precision, and they lend themselves more easily to illustration than do some of the other and more obscure phases of neglect. That is why so many of the stories concerning the exposure and maltreatment of children deal with the errors and misconduct of their parents.

As a matter of fact, the problem of neglect is infinitely more serious and complex than the mere question of home maladjustment or of parental infirmity. It is a state which has been engendered by public indifference and failure, and which has been fostered by social and economic conditions. What opportunities do some children find to-day for self-expression or for the study of nature and the beautiful things in life? How many are turned out almost in their infancy untrained and bewildered to face the realities of existence? How many are allowed to succumb to the influences of wretched environment, the suggestions of undesirable companions, the lure of the streets? Who can count the innumerable

victims of child labor? How much has society accomplished, after all, in providing recreational facilities for these children and proper outlets for their activities, in giving them the right sort of vocational training or in safeguarding their health and their physical well-being? How adequate are the facilities furnished by the State for the care of the destitute, the delinquent, and, above all, the defective child? How many children, because of these things, "know the grief of man without its wisdom and sink in man's despair without its calm"?

In very truth the community itself has much to answer for.

Dickens has never been credited with being one of the originators of the Children's Court movement, but he must have dreamed of its realization when he wrote "Oliver Twist." With his deep insight into human nature he understood as thoroughly as we do to-day the dangers and perils to which the unprotected child is exposed, and he recognized the utter lack of sense and humane feeling in the attitude assumed by the State and the community of his time toward neglected children.

As we read of the sufferings of Oliver and of

all the perils which beset his path, we instinctively feel that the various characters which entered into and affected his young life are but prototypes of the forces with which we are so familiar to-day.

Oliver Twist himself is merely the unfortunate victim of his environment—the representative of so many children who can find no natural outlet for their activities, and who "never have had any one to teach them what was right and what was wrong." The stain of his birth in itself implanted no depraved instincts in his nature, but all the misery he was forced to suffer was chargeable to the social conditions in which he was born and bred.

As one grows familiar with the hideous figure of Fagin, he becomes simply the personification of the evil influences, the corrupting associations, and the debasing suggestions which constantly beset the children of our cities.

In the actions of Mr. Brownlow, as well as of Rose and Mrs. Maylie, we find a recognition of the fact, now so universally understood, that the neglected or erring child is entitled to receive from the State its care and protection, not its contumely and condemnation, and that such a child should be given his chance to lead

a decent life and to qualify himself as a useful member of society.

There are other figures in the story which in one's fancy might well represent various conditions and influences which enter into the problems of delinquency and neglect. In Sikes can be perceived the physical force and compulsion which so often drive youth into open and violent crime, and in Monks the greed that will unhesitatingly sacrifice a child for its own gain. Nancy is an appealing figure because in the last analysis she represents true womanhood which, though degraded and beaten down, might have been raised to its salvation if help had only come before it was too late. What is Bumble but institutionalism in its worst form? And in reading of his actions one rejoices that the conditions of which he is the exponent are rapidly becoming a thing of the past. In the brutality (as well as the absurdity) of Magistrate Fang's administration of justice cannot we find a counterpart of the procedure which still prevails in certain of our courts, and which, unaffected by modern progress, common sense, or even by the truth, continues to injure thousands in the name of the law?

Finally, is there not a lesson which can be learned from the disposition of our friend, Mr. Grimwig? Does he not admirably represent the attitude of the indifferent and intolerant community, which is always willing to find a refuge behind the doctrine of heredity and which seemingly takes pleasure in expecting the worst of a child born and bred amid evil surroundings? But even Mr. Grimwig has to wake up at last to the fact that his preconceived views are sadly in need of reconstruction and that there is something to be said on behalf of the neglected child after all.

It was Oliver Twist's request, "Please, sir, I want some more," which startled Mr. Bumble and the institutional managers out of their seven senses. More, indeed! Wasn't one porringer of thin gruel three times a day enough for any orphan or pauper? What right had such a child to ask for more? Why, the very idea was preposterous!

To-day there are thousands of children in our community stretching out their hands and asking for "more." Handicapped at the very start, "sore let and hindered in running the race" set before them, they are appealing for

kindlier treatment, a better chance, and a fairer heritage. They are asking for the right to happiness, which is their due, and an equal opportunity in the struggle for existence. May their appeal be heeded before it is too late, and may they be given something more heartening than stones in answer to their cry for bread.

When the Call Comes to Them

WHEN THE CALL COMES TO THEM

It's a long, long way from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Erivan, Armenia.

This and several other obvious facts were discovered by Ernest soon after his altruistic but somewhat visionary attempt to cross the seas and succor the oppressed was interfered with and brought to a lame and impotent conclusion by the unsympathetic minions of the law. For Ernest came to realize that, after all, the place for a boy of fourteen is in his own home and among his own people and that, for the time being, he could prove himself of greater usefulness in Springfield than in Erivan. He also came to understand that by doing his duty, faithfully and unaffectedly, in his allotted place he would best fit himself for wider service and larger achievement later on when the call should come to him to serve in other ways.

Ernest really did not get very far on his travels, for he had barely completed the first one hundred and thirty miles of his journey

when an adverse fate put an end to his cherished project. On arriving in New York from Springfield he went up to the nearest police-officer and asked quite casually what was the quickest route to Constantinople. The officer, naturally, was somewhat startled. He was well used to pointing out the way to Brooklyn and the Bronx. He was capable, at a pinch, of directing a traveller to Coney Island or Jersey City. But he was not accustomed to guiding wanderers to the four corners of the earth. At the same time Ernest's inquiry seemed to interest him greatly. He asked the boy a few questions, which led Ernest to unbosom himself and to tell of his plans for service in Armenia. The officer shook his head. He was a man of hard common sense and he failed to sympathize with Ernest's aspirations.

"How much money have you got left?" he asked.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," replied Ernest. "It's all mine too. I drew it out of the savings-bank when I left Springfield."

"It may be yours, all right," retorted the officer. "But there are some other folks, I'm thinkin', who will have something to say about this little trip of yours. I'm a family

man myself and I wouldn't like to let a kid of your size go and mix it up with the Turks till I'd heard from his popper and mommer. I guess you'll have to postpone your jaunt for a while and stay with us till we get in touch with Springfield. It won't be long before we hear from them, I'm thinkin'."

Ernest suffered himself to be led away to the children's shelter, but when he appeared before me the next morning he was in a distinctly rebellious mood. Not that he was in the least excited. In all my experience I have never seen a boy so calm, so deliberate, and so precise in his manner and choice of words as Ernest. But he was indignant and outraged at the act of the officer in taking him into custody.

"I should like you to tell me," he said, "why this man has arrested me. All I did was to ask him how to get to Constantinople. I didn't suppose that it was a crime to question him."

"Of course it's no crime to question an officer," I laughed. "But tell me, why did you want to go to Constantinople?"

"This was my reason:" (I record Ernest's sententious words almost verbatim) "I wanted to be of some real use in the world and there

was nothing I could do at home. I've read a great deal about the suffering in Armenia and I thought that if I could get to Constantinople I might offer my services to the American committee."

"Don't you think," I asked him, "that you are rather young to take up such work?"

In answer to my question he produced from his pocket a newspaper clipping telling of a boy of thirteen who had enlisted as of the age of eighteen and who had actually served in France with the American Expeditionary Force. "What others have done, I can do!" he remarked gravely.

"Did you talk over this plan with your mother and father?" I continued.

"No, I didn't," he replied. "They wouldn't have understood."

"I suppose, of course, that you communicated with some of the Armenian relief committees?"

"No, I didn't do that either. I thought about it, but I felt sure that they would discourage me."

"The opposition seems to be fairly formidable," I remarked. "Your parents, the authorities, and the Armenian representatives.

Ernest, do you know what I think of you? I believe that you are a slacker and a deserter!"

He looked at me in utter astonishment. "I don't quite understand, judge," he said.

"Just this," I replied. "If you can't be of use in your own home, you can't be of any possible use elsewhere. You tell me that you want to serve in Armenia. Have you ever tried to serve in Springfield? You left there without a thought of your family or your obligations. You simply ran away to avoid your duties and to find adventure. The officer was quite right. You will have to stay with us until we hear from your parents. Think it all over and let me know your conclusion when I see you again."

The next day Ernest was brought into court for a second time, accompanied by his older brother who had just arrived from Springfield to represent his family. There was no question as to the attitude of his own people. Through his brother, they recorded their emphatic opposition to Ernest's romantic project, and were unkind enough to suggest that he might prove to be more of a burden than a relief to Armenia, if he should ever succeed in reaching there.

"Well, Ernest," I said, turning toward the boy, "you have had twenty-four hours to reflect on the situation since I last saw you. What do you think about it all and what would you like to do now?"

"I've made up my mind to give up my trip entirely," he replied with seriousness and deliberation. "I want to go home with my brother, and I can promise you that I won't run away again in a hurry. I've thought over everything very carefully since yesterday and I see now how foolish I was. I'm much too young to carry through this plan. What you said to me about serving in Springfield and of making myself of real use in my own home impressed me a great deal. I've never tried to do that before, but I see that there are a lot of things that I can do there. I'm going to make myself a good American, and then later on I can take up other work if I want to. Perhaps I'll get over to Armenia after all; but don't you worry, judge, I'm going to make good at home first."

"I am very sure you will," I responded, as I bade him good-by.

Sally's probationary period was a comparatively long one. She was brought into court

at the age of fifteen on her mother's complaint that she was disobedient, keeping late hours, and associating with most undesirable company. Although she was given a chance to prove herself and to correct her own faults under the court's supervision, she found it very hard at first to break away from her old habits and from the influences of her former associates. Consequently the first year of her probation was marked by many disappointments and frequent lapses. Gradually, however, she gained a better control of herself, and during the second year she fulfilled our fondest expectations. So satisfactory was her progress that she was honorably discharged from the court's supervision a short time ago, after reaching her seventeenth birthday, and those who know Sally's grit and common sense have no misgivings whatsoever as to her future.

A little while after her discharge I was agreeably surprised to receive the following letter from her:

DEAR JUDGE:

I am writing to ask whether it would be possible for you to appoint me as a probation officer in your court. Considering all I have been through and all I know, [sic !], I think that I could make a mighty good one.

If you can't do that, couldn't you get me a job in a place where children are sent to? I would just love to take care of babies.

Everybody has been so good to me and has worked so hard to help me, that now I want to turn around and do my share in helping others. I've learnt an awful lot since I came to court and I've found out that one is much happier in doing things for other people than in any other way.

I think in the end I will study to be a trained nurse, but I'd like to be a probation officer first. I think it must be a grand job. Please write and let me know what you can do for me.

Yours truly,
SALLY ——.

In answer, I informed Sally that it was necessary to go through a course of study and to pass a competitive examination before one could receive an appointment as probation officer. I also added that she would have to wait some years before she would be old enough to qualify for any of the positions she had in mind. I suggested, however, that while she was waiting she might offer her services as a volunteer to some of the clubs and settlements who were interested in supervising the activities and recreation of younger children. This idea seemed to meet temporarily Sally's desire to do her share in helping others and I under-

stand that she is engaged in such work at this very time.

The instinct to serve—the desire to take one's part and prove of use in the community—is but a natural attribute of youth. Sometimes it exists in an embryonic state; sometimes it flourishes with surprising strength and vitality; but in one way or another its development must begin with childhood if it is to survive at all in later years. It is a blessed quality which should be encouraged and guided with the greatest possible care and which should never be belittled or ignored.

Are the children of our community to be taught to think rightly and to live usefully or are they to be allowed to drift aimlessly with no regard for their personal obligations toward the state and society at large? They often reach the parting of the ways sooner than one would suspect. If their thoughts and activities are properly directed and they are kept mentally alert and spiritually awake, they will be fitted to take their allotted parts as efficient and helpful citizens in the future. If, on the other hand, they are permitted to become selfish and self-centred, if they are

allowed to grow indifferent to their obligations and weak in self-discipline and self-control, they will soon lose respect for all authority and fall into that very class which, bereft of decent incentives and healthy ideals, and seething with discontent and lawlessness, threatens danger to our commonwealth.

Out of which material are we going to create our future citizenship and build the city and state of to-morrow? The choice is ours to make, and we all share a common responsibility in seeing that our children are taught to reverence and to fight for those ideals which we justly regard as the corner-stone of our beloved country.

No one should be discouraged at the magnitude of the task. If every year we progress a little further in promoting child welfare and in developing our methods and standards along these lines; if we take no backward steps and do not relax our efforts, we shall move steadily forward toward the goal. If we build slowly—"precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little"—we can at least build surely and make our foundations permanent and secure.

In teaching the children to take their part

and to fit themselves for their duties as citizens of to-morrow, we must not ignore or forget the obligations which we ourselves, as citizens of to-day, owe the community in this respect. Every man and woman in the land can render at least some measure of service toward this end. The work cannot be left to specialists and experts. Some individuals may be in a position to dedicate their lives to child training and child saving, but alone and unaided they cannot elevate and protect the whole youth of the nation. The entire country must join in the task with enthusiasm and accept child conservation as one of its principal and sacred tenets if the movement is to be carried on to a glorious consummation.

It goes without saying that those who are devoting their time and energy to the care and training of their own children are by that very act rendering the supreme service to the state, and this is also true of those who are working in the fields of religion, education, health, and social service. But there are many other ways in which an individual, no matter how busily engaged in different walks of life, can contribute his or her share to the advancement of child welfare in general.

Take, for example, such organizations as the Big Brother and Big Sister Societies. Their members are not required to give up any great amount of time to the exclusion of other activities, but are merely asked to interest themselves singly in the case of a boy or girl, and to befriend some one child who has been handicapped from the start by misfortune and has been denied that fair average chance of normal development which is its inherent right. Surely this is not much to ask of any one, yet every individual effort of this sort, when taken and added together, produces a result which is astonishing in its far-reaching effect.

If people would only look around, they could find a thousand and one places where even a small measure of service would be appreciated and count for something. There are the churches, schools, hospitals, institutions, settlements, community centres, societies, including such effective organizations as the Boy Scouts, clubs, playgrounds, camps, and other social and civic groups innumerable which are calling for the public's active co-operation and support and to which everybody can contribute something by way of personal interest.

In fact, every centre where children are

gathered together for the furtherance of their moral, mental, or physical development constitutes a unit in the general system of preparing our vast army of future citizens for their service in the years to come. No unit or link in this chain is too small to be neglected or overlooked, for sometimes the greatest good and the most far-reaching influence can spring from the least conspicuous group.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," and rest assured that neither the time, nor the money, nor the personal service which is expended in this cause will ever be wasted or spent in vain.

A great nation can afford to be generous in the treatment of its children. Indeed, one of the very tests of its greatness is to be found in the measures which it takes to safeguard and improve the coming generation. If a country expects to receive devoted and efficient service from its future citizens it must take scrupulous care in meeting its own obligations toward them with wisdom and honor. There is nothing visionary or utopian about such a policy; it is a matter of plain common sense and self-protection.

To paraphrase a famous document with which all good Americans are supposed to be familiar, it might be said that every child is endowed with certain inalienable rights, and that among these are protection, education, health, and the pursuit of happiness.

Its right to protection comprises many things besides its mere preservation from cruelty and neglect. It has the right to a normal, decent, and sympathetic home; the right to the care and protection of the state in case its natural guardians fail in their duties; the right to be safeguarded against corrupting influences and debasing environments; the right of deliverance from economic pressure and the serfdom of child labor in all of its forms.

By a child's education much more is understood than a mere smattering of learning or a rudimental course of instruction in the three R's. It has the right to be taught of other things.

Most important of all is the question of its religious training and its moral guidance. The opportunity must be given every child to learn of religious truths and to worship God. The form of its religion does not concern the authorities; that is a matter to be decided by

its parents, its family, and its ecclesiastical advisers. But it should be strengthened and confirmed in its chosen faith and encouraged to follow its precepts. If our experience in the Children's Court has proved one thing, it is that religion is essential in the training of children and that no lasting good can be achieved when their spiritual development is neglected.

A child should also be taught allegiance to the law, so that when it is called upon for service it will not have to act blindly. It has a right to a thorough understanding of governmental functions, of the purposes of our statutes and of the fundamental principles of law and order. It must be so guided and governed that it will grow to love and reverence the ideals of our country and to thoroughly appreciate the importance of the part which it must perform as a unit of society.

In the development of our educational system no effort should be spared in providing the schools with efficient instructors. Our children, certainly, have a right to the very best. Every penny spent in this direction will be repaid, for, unless competent teachers can be obtained and induced to remain in the ser-

vice, the whole system will be threatened with disaster. Adequate provision should also be made for an intelligent policy of vocational guidance, and this too will require the employment of experienced workers. We are just beginning to awaken to the importance of vocational guidance as a means of discovering a child's special aptitude and of directing its efforts in the right channels. Surely a child has the right to make a special study of those things for which it is best fitted by predilection and natural bent and to choose its vocation with discrimination and understanding.

It is scarcely necessary to comment on the duty of a government to preserve the health of its children. Dark indeed would be the future of any nation which neglected to safeguard the physical well-being of its rising generations.

There are, however, several subjects closely akin to health which deserve a passing reference under this head. A child as it approaches adolescence has a right to be instructed in the laws of sex hygiene. This is primarily a task for its parents, but if they fail in the performance of their manifest duty, then its teachers must undertake the work. A child should not

be allowed to pick up its knowledge of this subject from the gutter. If any one should doubt the wisdom of giving such instruction, let him come to the Children's Court and see the number of children who have fallen victims to immorality and hideous disease because of their lack of information concerning such matters and their ignorance of the first principles of moral cleanliness.

The treatment of mental deficiency is another problem which bears an intimate relation to health. Children who suffer under this handicap deserve the greatest care and attention to prevent them from becoming a burden and a menace to the community. Their existence cannot be ignored, and as entities in the body politic they, too, have their rights. The state should provide for their examination and diagnosis, furnish proper facilities for their custodial care, and see that such of them as are fit to be at large are taught to be self-supporting and to fill a niche according to their capacity.

As to the pursuit of happiness, that is a right with which, as we are told, all persons are equally endowed, and so, it might be argued, it is not a special prerogative of chil-

dren. Yet children are as much entitled to their happiness as any other class in the community. Of course, happiness in the abstract has a number of meanings. It may refer to a state of contentment or a condition of mind which triumphs over circumstances. A child, however, would invariably select the definition which suggests pleasure and enjoyment. That is only natural, for if we think of a child as happy, we think at the same time of its recreation and amusements. Indeed, a child without an instinct and a desire for play would be a most abnormal and unhappy one. Its diversions, however, are not always easy to regulate, for pleasure cannot be forced down any one's throat. If a child does not like the amusement which is provided for it, it will sally forth to find substitutes for such amusement, and these substitutes are too often of a dangerous type. The whole question needs more intensive study and consideration than it has been given in the past. The child's point of view and its natural tastes should be better appreciated and understood, so that something satisfying may be given it in the way of recreation, and its amusements at the same time made safe and clean. We are often apt to

confuse this subject, and are too prone to attribute to the absence of playgrounds or to congested living conditions all the faults occasioned by the lack of healthy outlets for a child's normal activities. These things are most important and must be improved, but even recreational centres and model homes will not satisfy a girl's or a boy's primal instinct for pleasure. The problem is not wholly a city one. It is met with equally in the town and the country. At the bottom of many juvenile delinquencies and disastrous experiences we find a natural craving for amusement and adventure which, if it had been understood and wisely treated in the beginning might have been easily controlled. We might as well realize that, whatever we may do, children are going to join in the universal quest for happiness and pleasure, as one of their rights. It is for us, therefore, to see that they are properly guided in their search for recreation and are taught to find enjoyment in the finer things of life.

These, then, are some of the main obligations which the state owes its future citizens. All of the subjects which have been alluded to are obviously of transcendental importance,

the proper consideration and treatment of any one of which would require a lifelong study and the writing of many volumes. It goes without saying, therefore, that no attempt could be made to deal adequately with even the least of them in so brief a space. They have been mentioned in these pages, however, because they unquestionably lie at the very root of the problem of preparing children for their future service, and because it would be impossible to write on this topic at all without some allusion to these cardinal requirements for a child's proper development.

It is quite extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how dependent these essentials are one upon another. Education would be futile without health; health would be difficult without recreation; and all three would be well-nigh impossible without proper protection. Child-labor cannot flourish side by side with education and health. Health cannot survive cruelty, abuse, or neglect. Or if a child is to be denied all recreation and happiness, its education, health, and moral training might as well be thrown into the discard at the same time.

There is great need, therefore, for the estab-

lishment in these particular fields of certain minimum standards which should be moderate and sensible enough to win the support of the community and yet sufficiently comprehensive to insure the children thorough protection. Once established, these standards should be enforced as a whole, for it would be useless to safeguard them in one direction only to neglect them in another. As has been said, they are all interdependent, and a break in one link of the chain would cause disaster to the rest. If we could count on the existence of such standards and feel sure that they would be observed and enforced, many existing problems would be simplified and in every case the children of the nation would be the gainers.

At the beginning of the World War most of the nations engaged cast aside all thought of child conservation, and sacrificed in a few months the achievements which had been gained through years of effort. As the war progressed, however, and delinquency and neglect increased appallingly, these nations began to see that a fearful mistake had been made, and that the protection of youth was really essential in the successful prosecution of the

strife. Accordingly, after a year or two, a decided change of policy took place, and before the close of the war our allies were doing everything possible to repair these errors and to safeguard their children more carefully than ever before. America, fortunately, profited by this lesson, with the result that in this country the barriers were kept intact and delinquency failed to show that increase which many had prophesied.

Now that the strife is over, is it not the appropriate time to give our attention to these self-same problems and to look upon the conservation of childhood as essential to the finer development of the nation in the new era which lies before us? This end can never be attained by legislation alone; it can only be brought about by the united will of the whole people. Laws and regulations are necessary up to a certain point, but they cannot serve as a substitute for a national conscience, nor can they make individuals into decent citizens merely by virtue of some legal process. No intelligent person believes in the multiplication of laws and statutes which would deprive a man, or a child for that matter, of independent thought or action; no one can seriously wish

to make an individual a mere automaton in the operation of a supersocialistic state; but every far-sighted man and woman must believe in comprehensive effort and planning for the protection of youth as a national asset.

Back in the dim, forgotten ages the children of Europe set forth on a strange crusade. For a hundred years the men of Christendom had been struggling to wrest the Holy Land from the grip of the infidel, and in that cause they had fought and won, only to fight again and fail. "Now," said the children, "it is our turn to serve. Where our fathers have bled and died in vain, we, through our simple faith and willing self-sacrifice may triumph over the forces of evil and win a glorious victory for the Lord. Let us go forth to conquer and find a new path to heaven."

So from the town and the hamlet, from the field and the forest, they came forth by the thousands to enlist under the banners of righteousness. Their leaders, mere children like themselves, promised lavish rewards of the flesh and the spirit, and prophesied that the stars in their courses would fight for them and their holy cause. When Stephen of Cloyes,

the youthful leader of the French children, was asked how he expected to cross the seas with his army, he replied: "I shall command the waves of the deep to separate, and through the bed of waters shall I lead my hosts dry-shod to the promised land!"

Alas for the children, alas for their cause! Of the thousands who set forth from their homes in high hopes and exalted spirits not one, so we are told, ever reached that country which they sought to win.

At the very start of their journey they began to fall by the wayside, victims of hunger, disease, and the treachery of man. Fortunate, indeed, were those who died in the forests and on the mountains, and those who lost their lives in storms at sea, for they at least found an early release from their sufferings. History has drawn a veil over the martyrdom of the others who were betrayed and sold in slavery to the enemies of their faith. It tells us little of the miseries through which they passed or of the final fate which befell this last remnant of the children's army.

The world has well-nigh forgotten the story of this strange crusade, and the passing centuries have almost obliterated the memory of

the sublime though useless sacrifice which it entailed. Yet the misguided and pitiful efforts of these children to serve in their day and generation comes back to mind with a curious and haunting significance, as we witness youth's struggle for development and progress at the present time.

Even now a great host is buckling on its armor and setting forth on its march to the promised land of glorious manhood and womanhood. To-morrow another legion will follow in its wake, and each succeeding day will see a new multitude surging onward along the same road.

Shall these children follow in the paths of lost crusades and fall by the wayside, victims of disease and neglect? Shall they stumble in the darkness because of lack of leadership and proper guidance? Shall they be betrayed by those in whom they trust and sold into the bondage of greed and vice?

Or shall this vast procession of youth sweep safely by the pitfalls and quicksands which beset its path, cross the torrents, scale the rocks, and move onward toward the heights, with steadfast purpose and serene confidence, led by honor, faith, and high resolve? Shall it

reach the land of promise, a virile army, whole in body and in soul, fit and ready to take its part in the struggle of life, and to fight for its ideals?

The question presses for an answer, but no one who trusts in the destiny of our country and who has faith in the progress of mankind can doubt what that answer must be.

To-day the whole world may seem weary and sick at heart, but in time it will forget its scars and look forward to the future with new hope and courage. How can it continue to be spiritless and despondent when it sees the rising generations coming on in serried ranks, ardent and eager to run their course and to fight the good fight? A few more years and their enthusiasms, their energy, and their vitality will make the world young and strong again.

Glorious will be the destiny of this or any other nation which is wise enough to prepare its children for the responsibilities which they will be called upon to bear. Happy will be its future if its sons and daughters are spiritually awake and ready to dedicate themselves to its service.

Our country has already done much for the cause of child welfare, but it must not falter in the struggle if it is to maintain its ideals and the purposes for which it was created. All of our citizens, young and old, must recognize and understand the obligations which they owe the community, and with that understanding must follow the resolve to fulfil those obligations by such service as each may be able to render. In the past too little regard has been paid to these duties, but more is to be demanded of every one in the future. Let us see, therefore, that our children are so guided and guarded that when the call comes to them they shall not fail.

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